

No. 39



The BATMAN

Detective COMICS

MAY

10¢





THE Sensational
ADVENTURES
OF The

BATMAN

WITH

Robin

THE BOY WONDER

AGAIN THE INTREPID BLACK-CLAD FIGURE
OF THE BATMAN AND HIS AIDE, ROBIN, THE LAUGH-
ING YOUNG DARE-DEVIL, COMBINE FORCES TO BATTLE
AGAINST THOSE WHO WOULD MENACE A PEOPLE--TWO
FIGURES, A MAN AND A BOY--TWO FIGURES ALWAYS OUT-
NUMBERED BUT NEVER OUTFIGHTED--TWO FIGURES TO
FIGHT--THE HORDE OF THE GREEN DRAGON!



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IT IS NIGHT AND THE MILLIONAIRE,
HENRY CRANDALL STEPS TO HIS CAR.



SUDDENLY



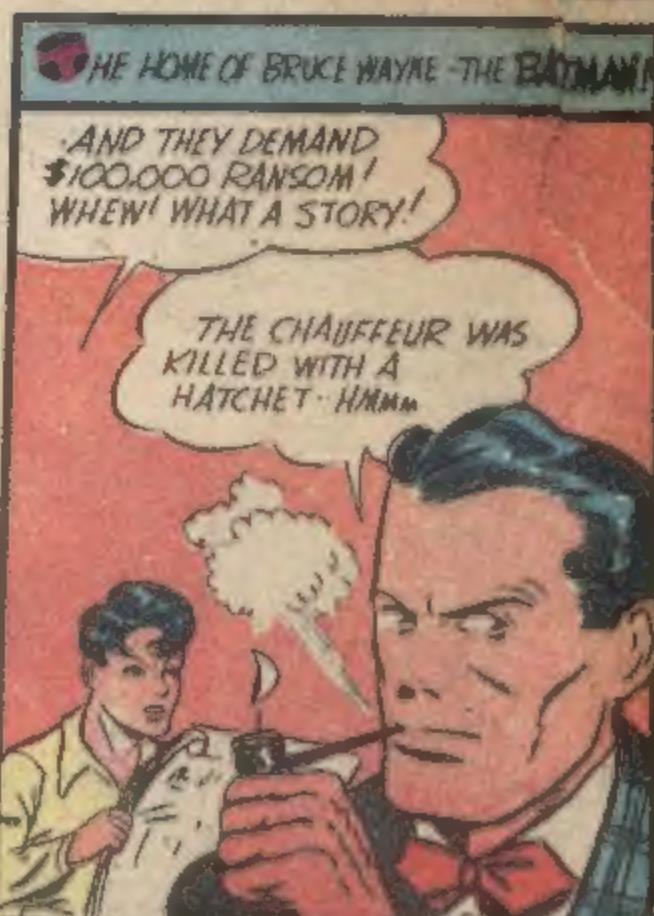
NOT FAR AWAY, ANOTHER
MILLIONAIRE, JOHN COBB,
WALKS TO A WAITING CAR.

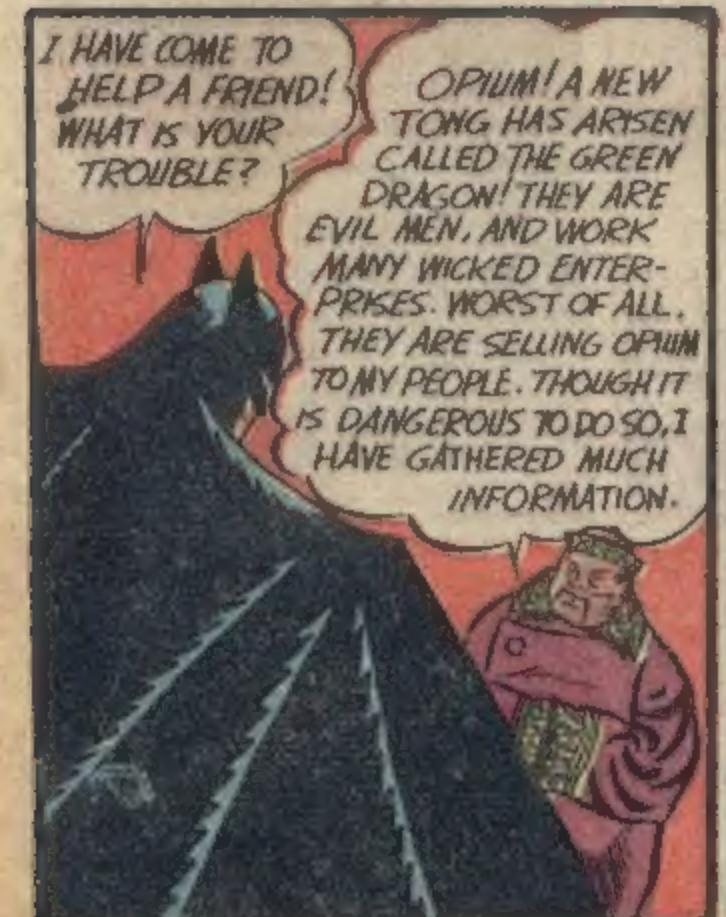
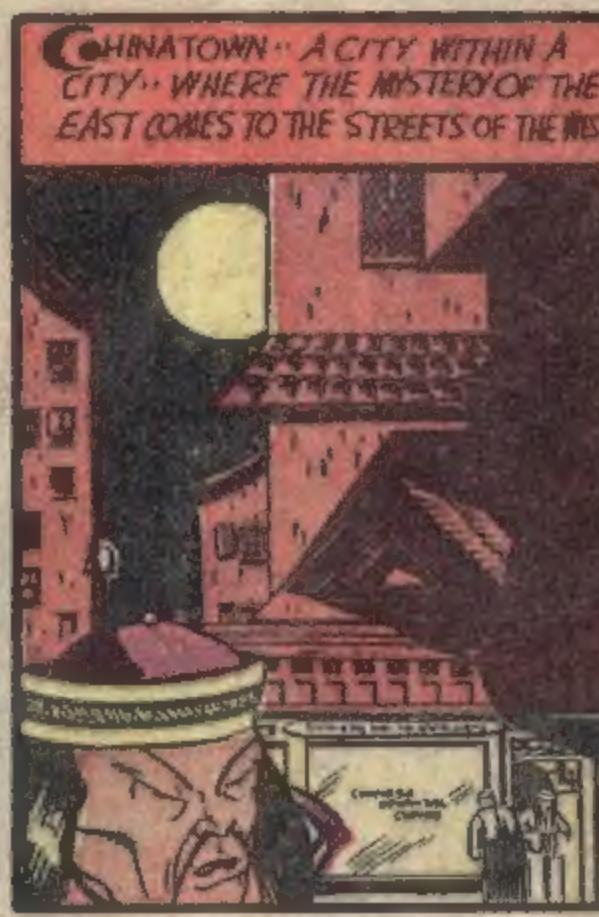


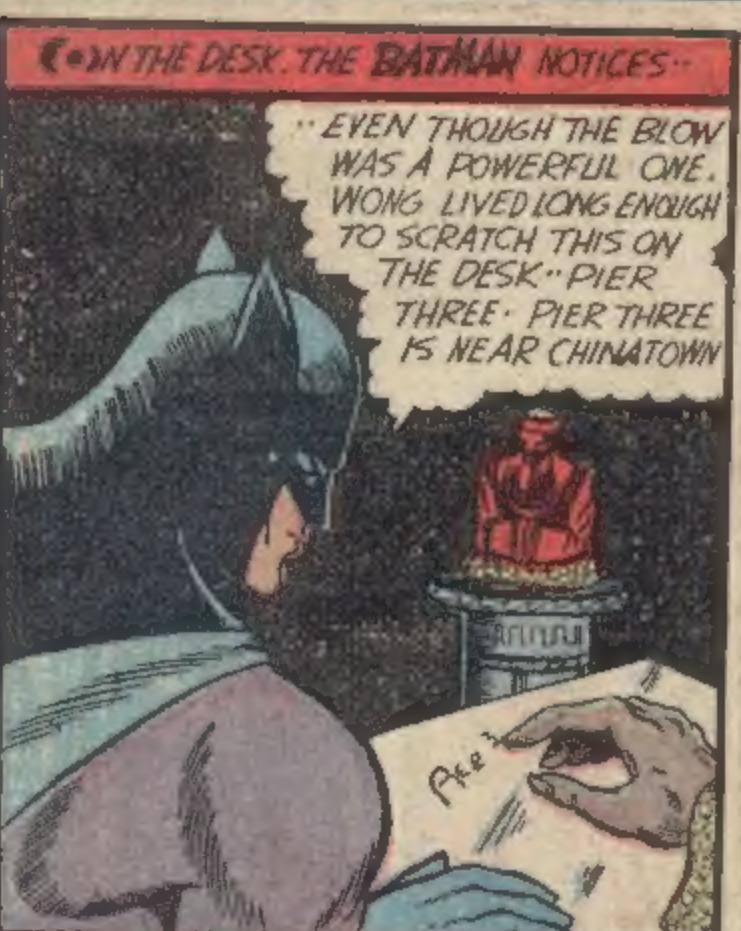
SUDDENLY THREE SILHOUETTED FIGURES
SPRING FROM THE SHADOWS . . .



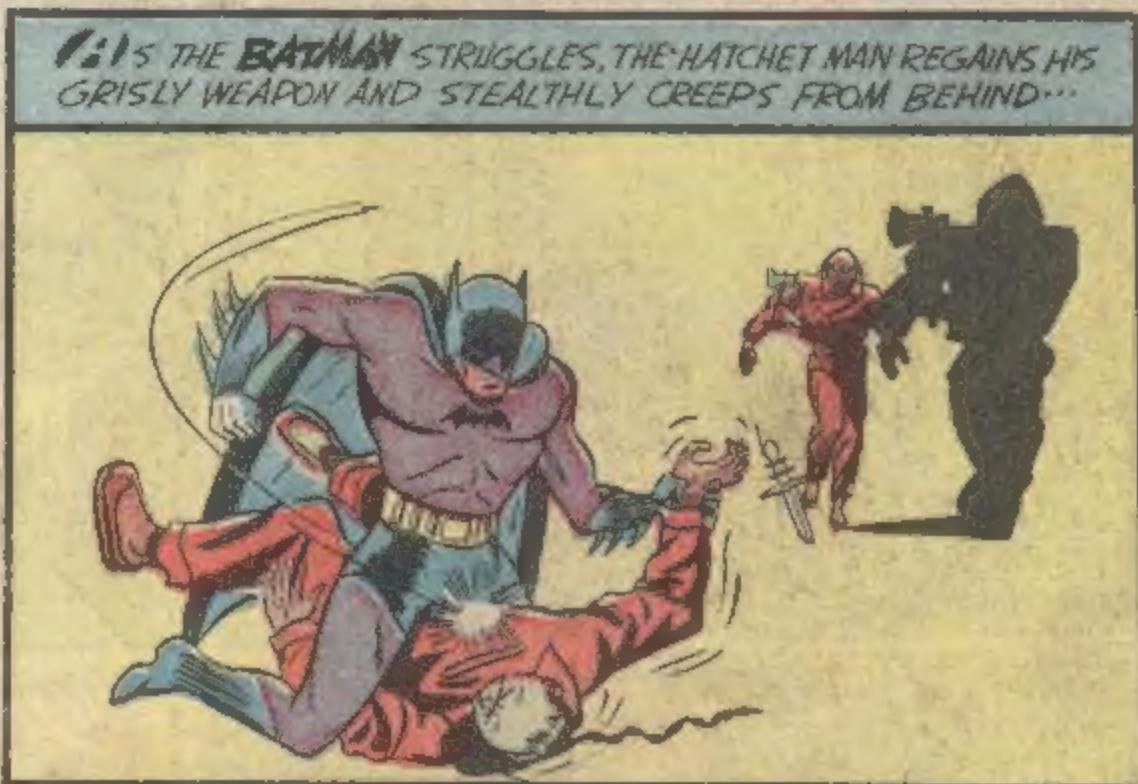
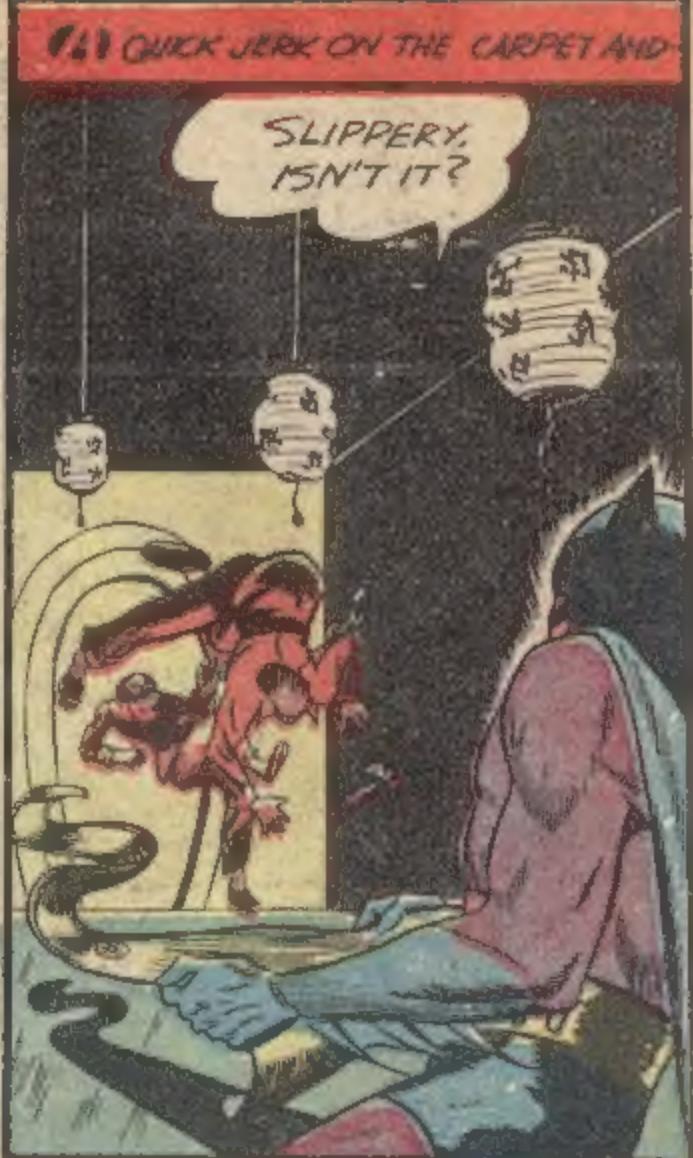
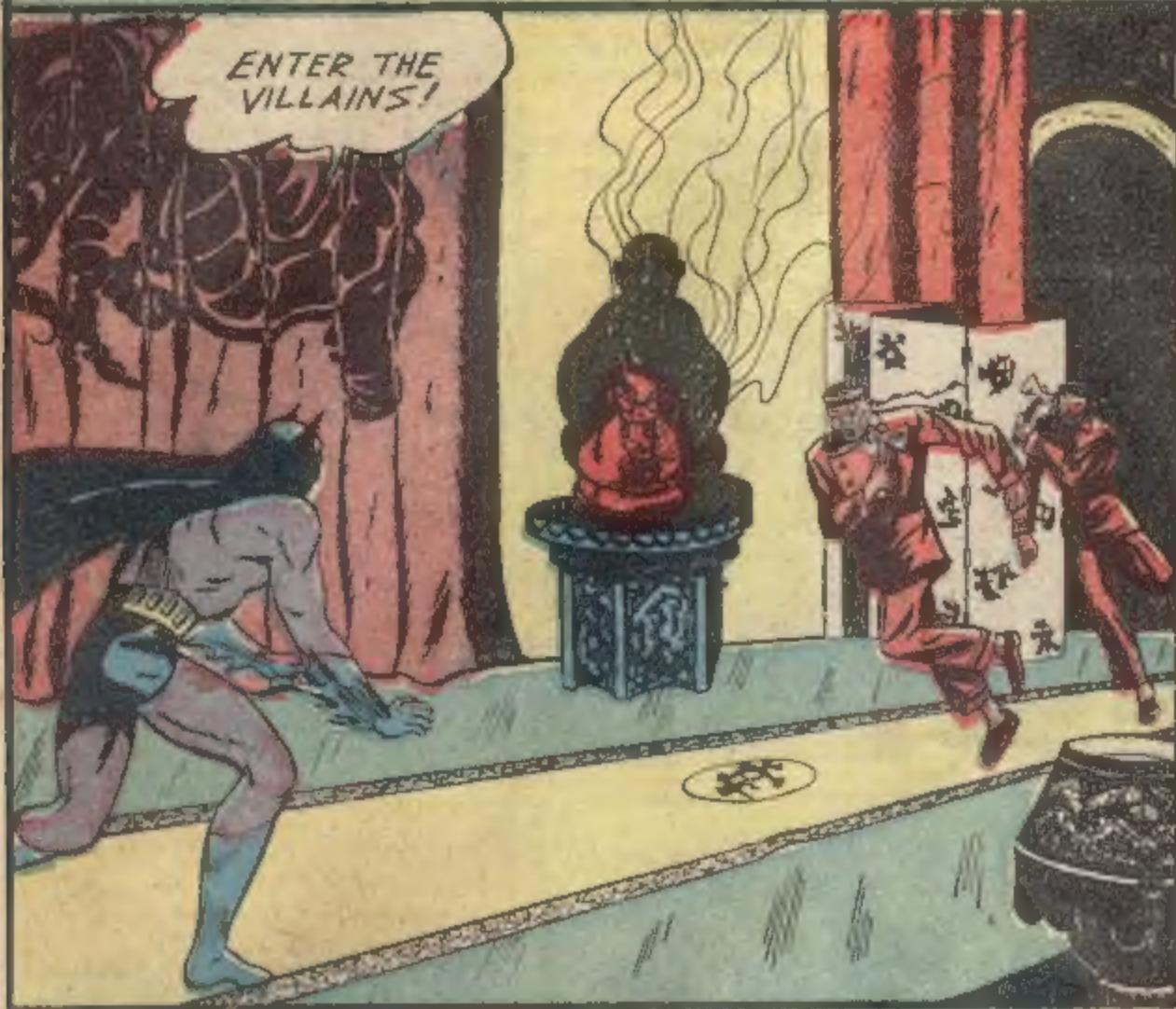
SUDDENLY THERE IS A HISS-
AND A SICKENING THUD!







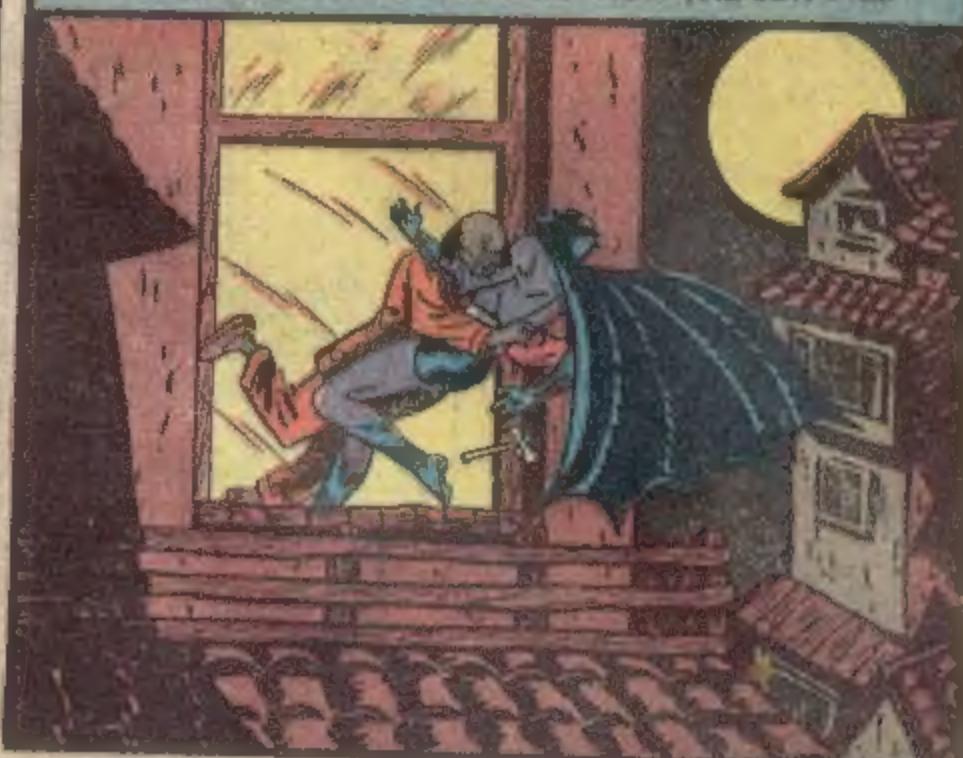
FROM BEHIND THE SCREEN--THE DREADED CHINESE HATCHET MEN!



SUDDENLY THE CHINESE JERKS HIS HAND LOOSE AND CHOPS DOWN AT THE BATMAN ...



IT'S THE BATMAN PULLS BACK TO AVOID THE DEADLY CHOP, THE FORCE OF THE CHINAMAN'S LUNGE CARRIES THEM BOTH OVER THE LOW SILL...



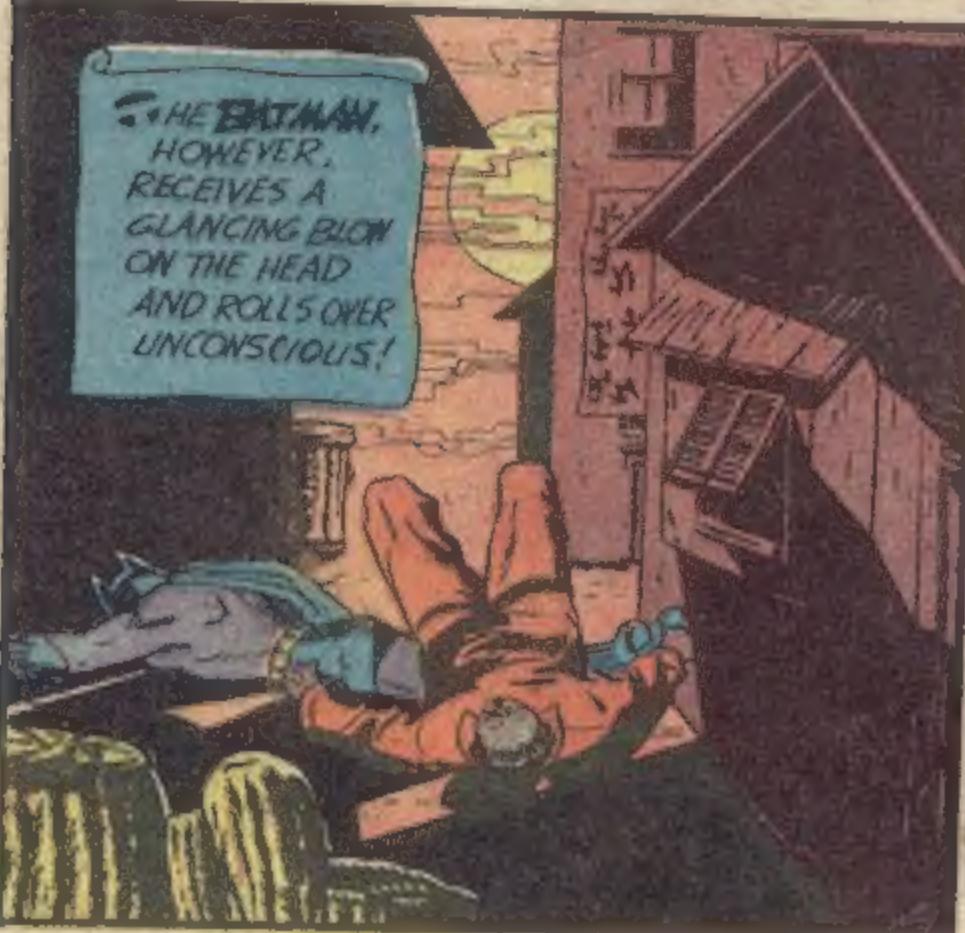
THE MEN FALL TO THE PORCH ROOF AND ROLL DOWN THE SLANT.



FOR A MOMENT THEY HOVER ON THE ROOF EDGE, AND THEN PLUNGE TO THE GROUND!



BUT THE CHINAMAN IS UNDERNEATH, AND AS THEY HIT THE GROUND, HIS BODY ACTS AS A SHOCK-ABSORBER!



THE BATMAN, HOWEVER, RECEIVES A GLANCING BLOW ON THE HEAD AND ROLLS OVER UNCONSCIOUS!

LITTLE LATER
INSIDE WONG'S HOUSE, ANOTHER ENTERS THE MURDER ROOM.
ROBIN THE BOY WONDER!!



IT'S A GOOD THING THE BATMAN LEFT WONG'S ADDRESS HE WILL PROBABLY BE SORE AT ME FOR DISOBEDIING ORDERS BUT I'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON! HE'S PROBABLY STILL HERE WITH WONG...

KILLED.. WITH A HATCHET
LIKE THE MURDERED CHAUFFEUR!
THEN THE BATMAN WAS
RIGHT.. THIS CASE DOES
TIE IN WITH THE
KIDNAPPED MEN!

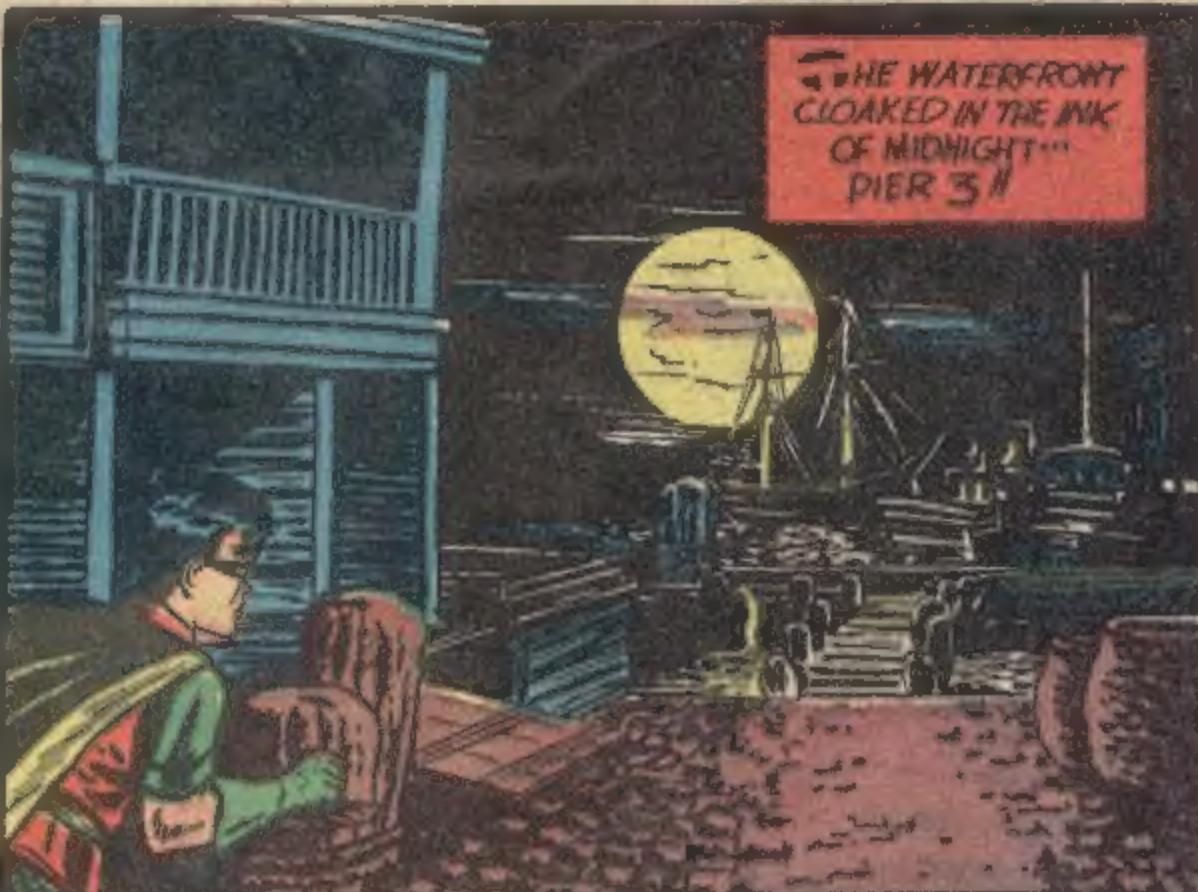
AN ADDRESS SCRATCHED
BY WONG WHEN HE WAS
KILLED! - PIER THREE...

SOMETHING MYSTERIOUS
IS GOING ON AND I'M PRETTY
SURE THE ANSWER IS
OVER AT PIER THREE..
AND THAT'S WHERE I'M
GOING, RIGHT NOW!



111 ROBIN LEAVES.. THE FIRST HATCHET
MAN UNSTEADILY RISES TO HIS FEET...

DARK BATMAN FIGHTS
LIKE PANTHER! HUH! NO ONE
HERE? PERHAPS BATMAN CAPTURED
AND IS NOW AT GREEN DRAGON..
MUST GO THERE AT ONCE!



THE WATERFRONT
CLOAKED IN THE INK
OF MIDNIGHT...
PIER 3!

THE ONLY THING THAT LOOKS
LIKE IT MIGHT BE A HIDE-
OUT IS THAT SCHOONER OVER
THERE. I'M GOING TO TAKE
A LOOK AT IT!

111 BUT ROBIN IS SEEN! A SKULKING
FIGURE FOLLOWS.. THE HATCHET MAN!

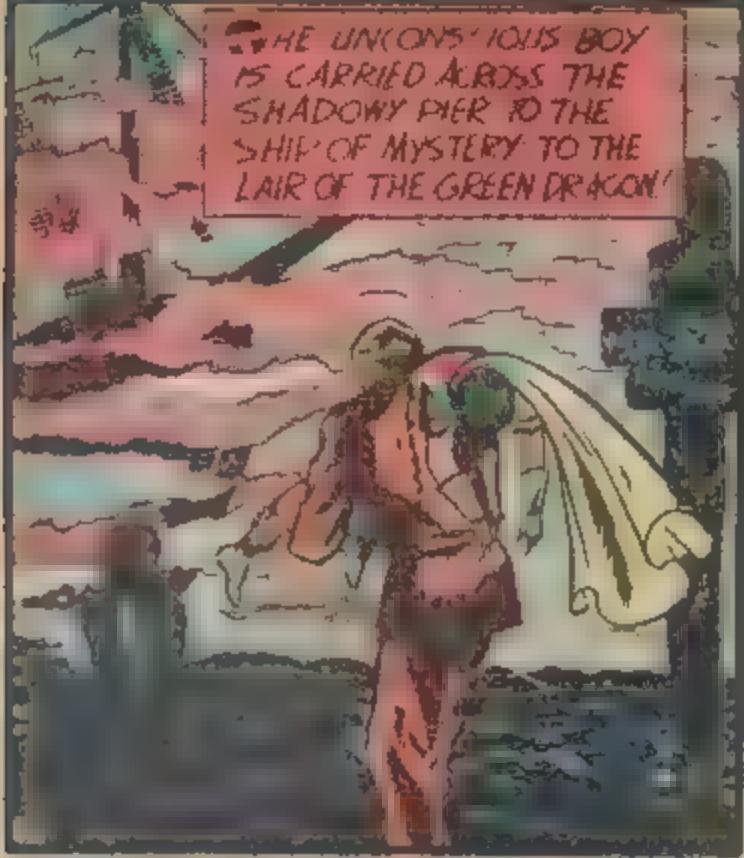
SOMEONE IS VERY INQUISITIVE
ABOUT OUR SHIP. HE ALSO
WEARS A CLOAKED COSTUME
LIKE THE DARK BATMAN.. IT
WOULD BE BETTER IF HE IS
CAPTURED...



111 MOMENT LATER.. THE
FLAT OF A HATCHET
CRASHES DOWN ON THE BOY!



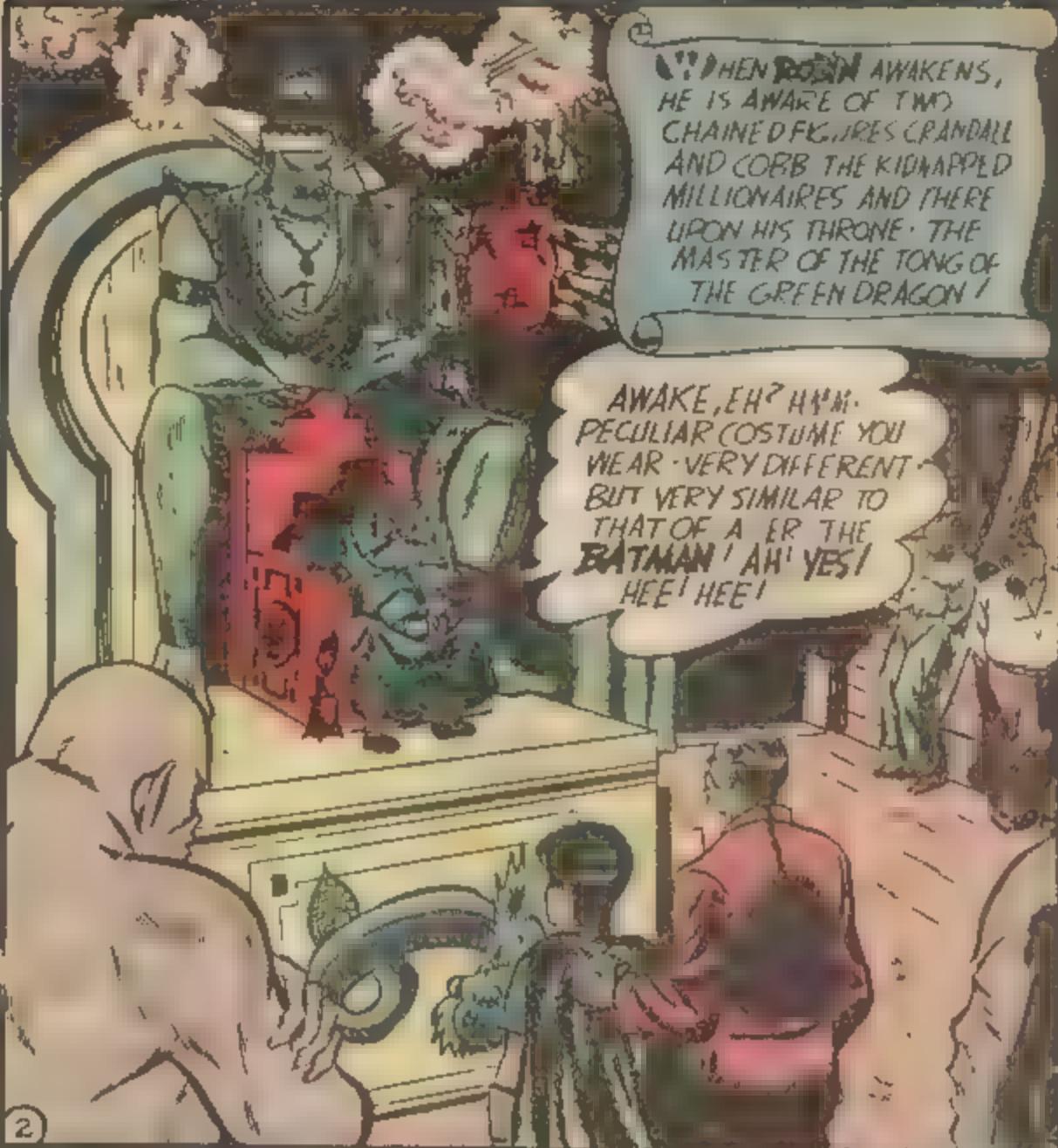
THE UNCONSCIOUS BOY IS CARRIED ACROSS THE SHADY PIER TO THE SHIP OF MYSTERY TO THE LAIR OF THE GREEN DRAGON!



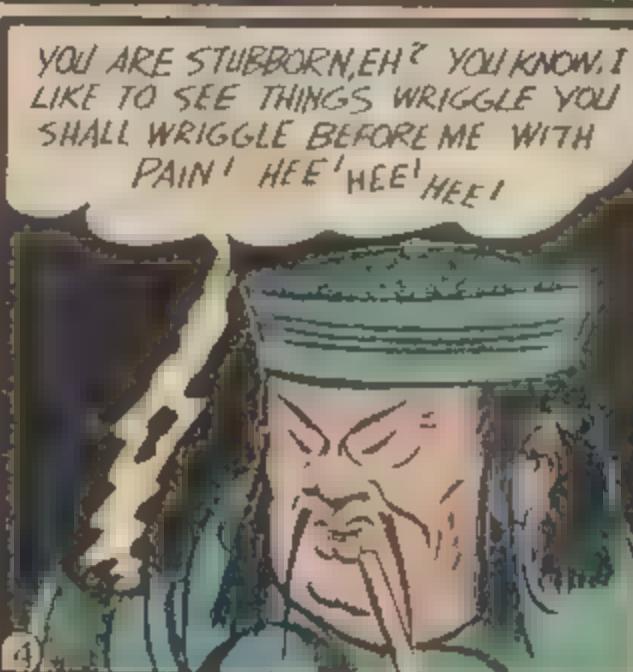
I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHERE THE BATMAN RESIDES. WILL YOU TELL ME OR MUST I USE ER PERSUASION? EH?



NEVER! YOU CAN TORTURE ME ALL YOU LIKE BUT I WON'T TELL YOU ANYTHING ABOUT THE BATMAN!



YOU ARE STUBBORN, EH? YOU KNOW, I LIKE TO SEE THINGS WRIGGLE. YOU SHALL WRIGGLE BEFORE ME WITH PAIN! HEE! HEE! HEE!



WHEN ROBIN AWAKENS, HE IS AWARE OF TWO CHAINED FIGURES CRANDALL AND CORB THE KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES AND THERE UPON HIS THRONE. THE MASTER OF THE TONG OF THE GREEN DRAGON!

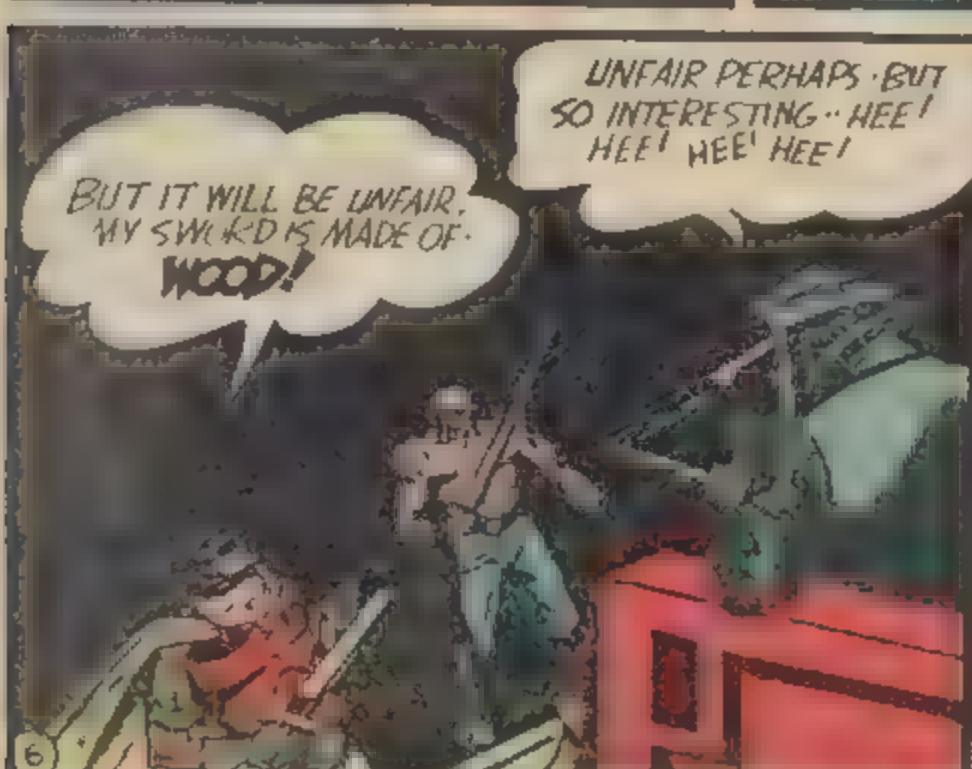
AWAKE, EH? HMM. PECULIAR COSTUME YOU WEAR. VERY DIFFERENT. BUT VERY SIMILAR TO THAT OF A ER THE BATMAN! AH! YES! HEE! HEE!

FIRST WE SHALL SEE HOW ADEPT YOU ARE AT DUELING! I WARN YOU MY MAN IS QUITE EXPERT HE SLICED MANY AN OPPONENT!



BUT IT WILL BE UNFAIR. MY SWORD IS MADE OF WOOD!

UNFAIR PERHAPS. BUT SO INTERESTING.. HEE! HEE! HEE!



ROBIN SKILLFULLY PARRIES THE MONGOL'S THRUST. THE STEEL BLADE SLICES OFF PART OF THE WOODEN ONE!



AGAIN THE THRUST AGAIN
THE PARRY AND MORE OF THE
WOODEN SWORD IS LOPPED OFF!

ONE MORE PARRY
AND I'LL HAVE
NO MORE SWORD!

ANOTHER THRUST
AND THE STEEL BLADE
SLASHES THROUGH AT
THE HILT!

THAT'S
IT!

HEE! HEE! WELL BOY,
WHAT WILL YOU DO NOW?
CAN YOU PULL A TRICK
OUT OF YOUR SLEEVE?
HEE! HEE!

ROBIN SIDE-STEPS ANOTHER
WICKED SLASH OF THE BLADE.
HE REACHES INSIDE HIS JACKET...

I WON'T PULL A TRICK OUT
OF MY SLEEVE BUT MY COAT!

the
SLING!

AND A
STEEL
PELLET.

ARMED WITH JUST THE PUNY SLING,
ROBIN FACES THE ATTACKIN' MONGOL!

THAT'S ONE TRICK
YOU DIDN'T COUNT ON!

DON'T BE SO
HASTY! HAVE YOU
FORGOTTEN ALL
ABOUT ME?

FOOLS! WHY DID
YOU NOT SEARCH
HIM? CAPTURE
HIM OR.. WHA?

BATMAN!

GOOD EVENING,
FRIEND BUT THEN
AGAIN, IS IT?

A MIGHTY
LEAP...

A GIANT
SWING

AND BATMAN LIVES
ON THE PLATFORM

CAPTURE HIM!
YOU ARE MANY
HE IS ONLY ONE!
DO NOT BE
AFRAID!

THE STYLING
OF THE BRAKERS
IS EXACTLY
WHAT BATMAN
LIKES. BUT THE
MUSIC ISN'T
RIGHT FOR HIM
SINCE HE ATHA
LITTLE LEFT

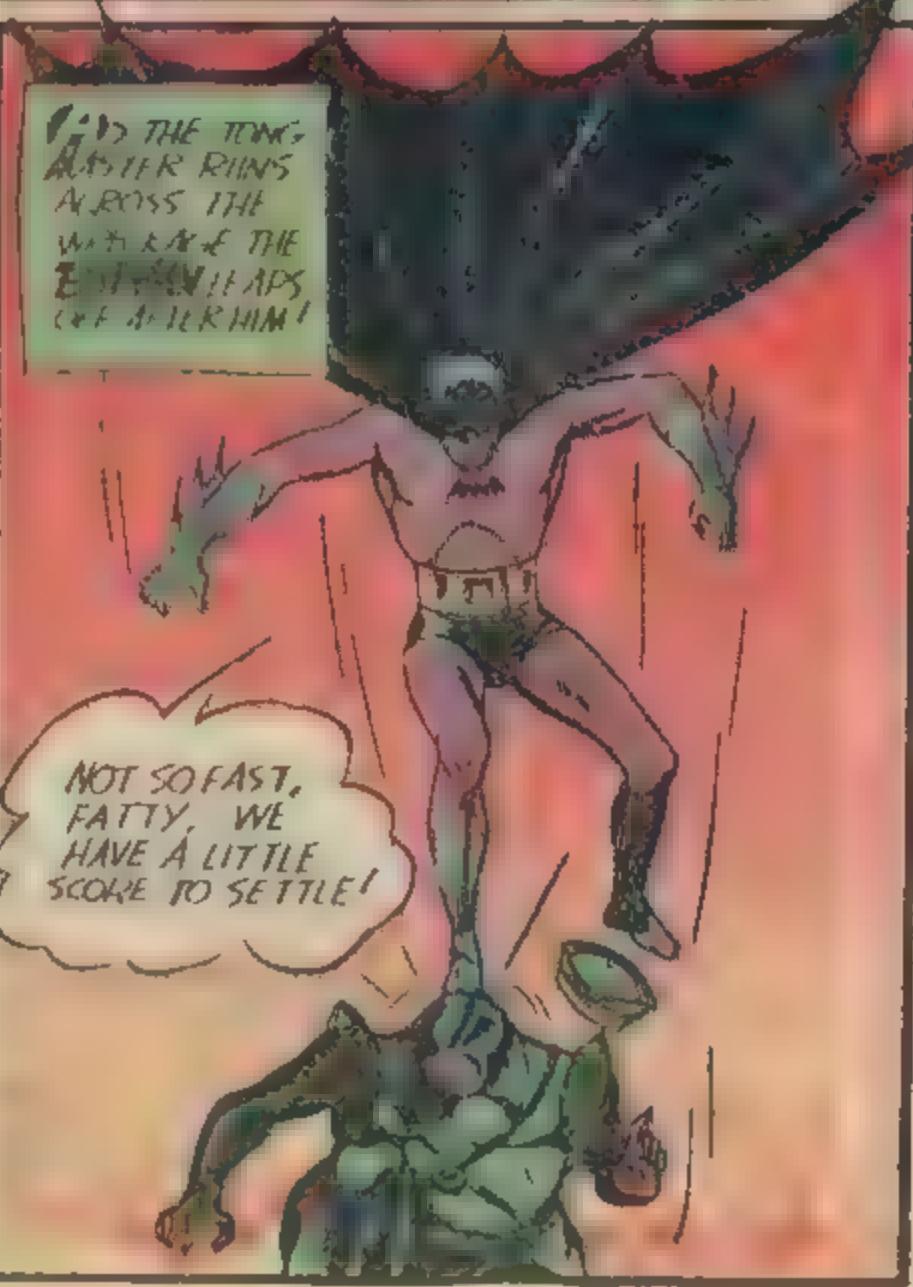
"MANAGES TO
TOPPLE THE
ENORMOUS IDOL
OFF BALANCE!"



"THE IDOL OF THE
GREEN DRAGON KILLS
ITS OWN!!!"



"THE TONG
MASTER RUNS
ACROSS THE
WATERSIDE. THE
EAT-SON LEAPS
OVER AFTER HIM!"



"NOT SO FAST,
FATTY. WE
HAVE A LITTLE
SCORE TO SETTLE!"

"MORE FUN THAN A
PUNCHING BAG!"



BUT
ROBIN

BOY! WHAT A PARTY
THIS TURNED OUT
TO BE!

WELL, DOGGONE! ALL I
CAN SAY IS, HE
CERTAINLY IS AN APT
PUPIL!

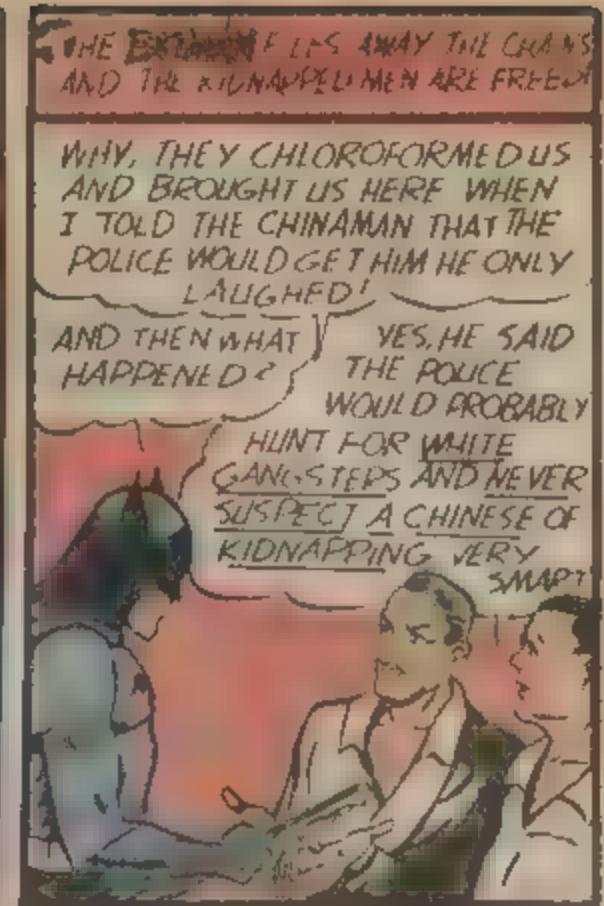
THE EXTRAME LIES AWAY THE CHAINS
AND THE KIDNAPPED MEN ARE FREE!

WHY, THEY CHLOROFORMED US
AND BROUGHT US HERE WHEN
I TOLD THE CHINAMAN THAT THE
POLICE WOULD GET HIM HE ONLY
LAUGHED!

AND THEN WHAT
HAPPENED?

THE POLICE
WOULD PROBABLY

HUNT FOR WHITE
GANGSTERS AND NEVER
SUSPECT A CHINESE OF
KIDNAPPING VERY
SMART



YES, HE WAS. ONLY ONE OF
HIS MEN SPOILED THE PLAN
BY KILLING THE CHAUFFEUR
WITH A HATCHET! ONLY THE
CHINESE HATCHET MAN
WOULD USE THAT TYPE
OF WEAPON! ONCE I KNEW
THAT, IT WAS A MATTER OF
FINDING THE HIDEOUT
HERE IT WAS THAT HE
INDULGED IN THE
SMUGGLING OF
OPIUM AND
CHINESE!

THE NEXT DAY BRIAN WAYNE
THE BATMAN IS AT STRELLING.
WHAT CAN HE

BATMAN FREES MILLIONAIRES
BREAKS UP OPIUM RING!
EXTRA! EXTRA!



BUT MOTHER WHY SHOULD
I PRAY FOR THE WELL-BEING
OF ONE CALLED THE BATMAN?

BECAUSE LITTLE ONE,
HE HAS SAVED THE
SOULS OF MANY OF OUR
PEOPLE BUT FOR HIM THE
DREAD OPIUM WOULD HAVE
ENSLAVED THEM AS IT
DID IN THE GENERATIONS
IN THE PAST!

THE WAYNE HOME...

IT'S A PITY THAT
WONG HAD TO DIE
BECAUSE HE
KNEW TOO MUCH!

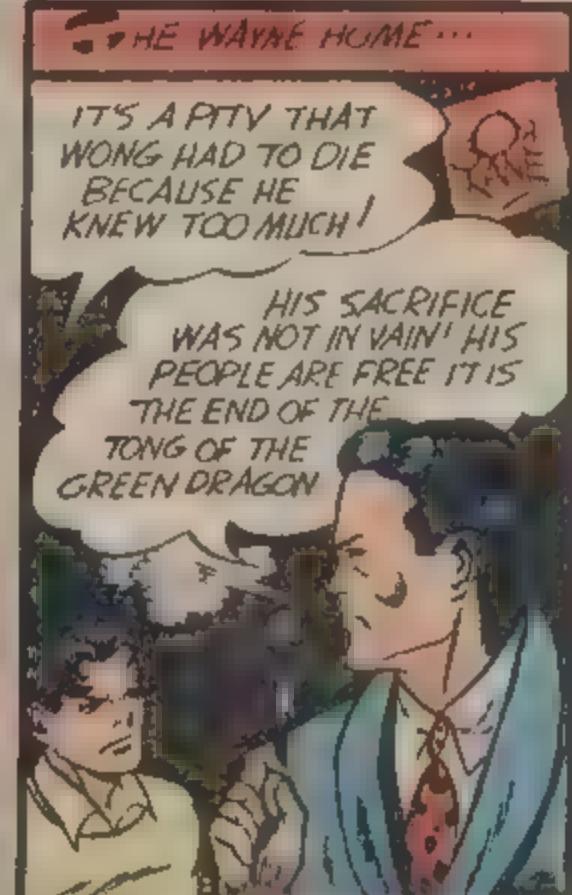
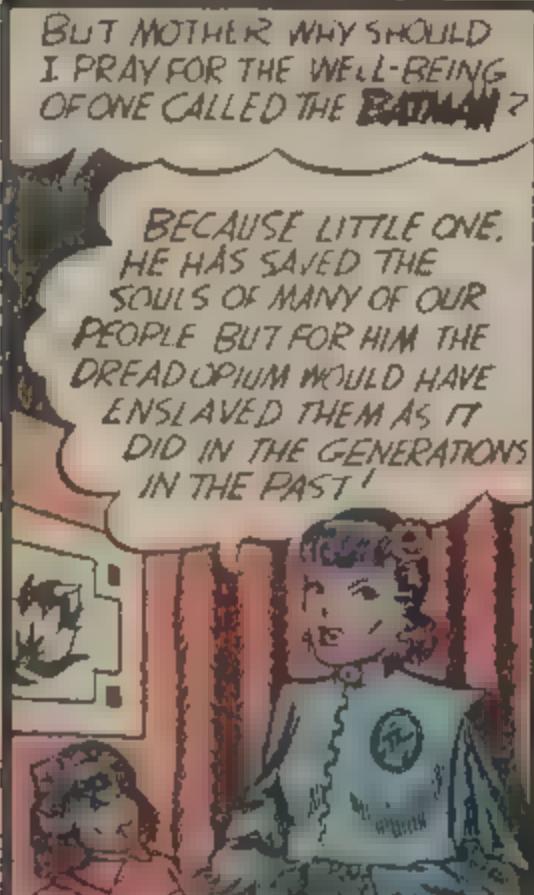
HIS SACRIFICE
WAS NOT IN VAIN! HIS
PEOPLE ARE FREE IT IS
THE END OF THE
TONG OF THE
GREEN DRAGON

BEWARE OF
CLAYFACE

A BLACK CLOAKED,
HOODLESS FIGURE
THAT SWALLOWS
THE LIVES OF
THE FORTUNATE
AND HIS AILE!

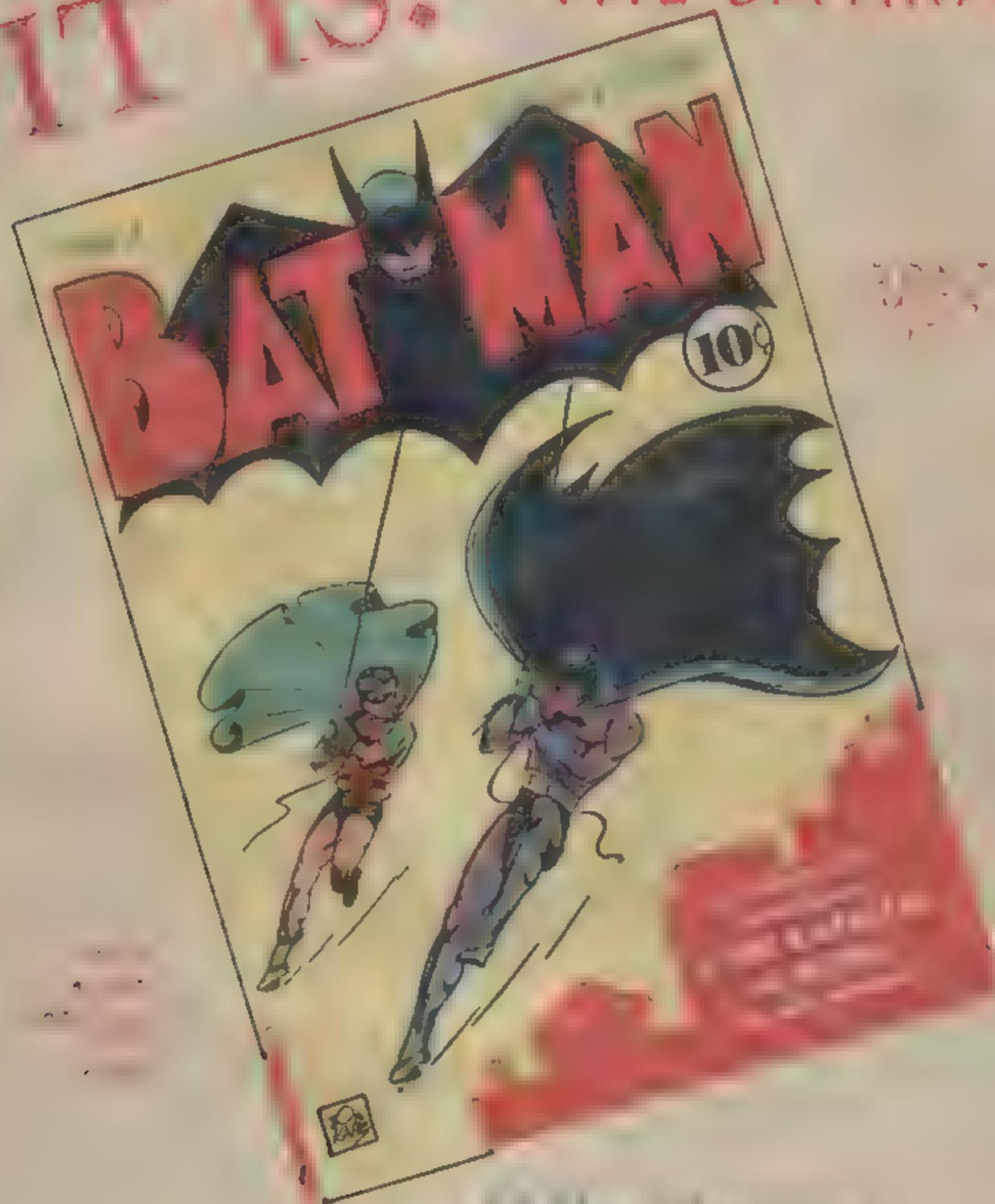
AS HE LEAVES
BEHIND A TRAIL
OF DEATH

COMING
NEXT MONTH



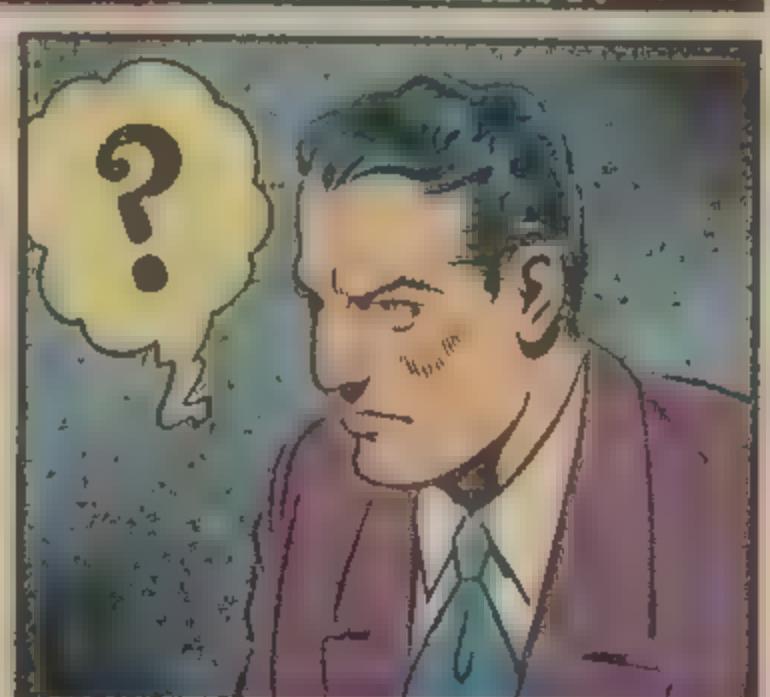
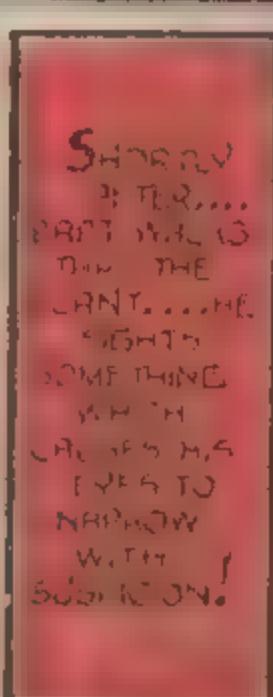
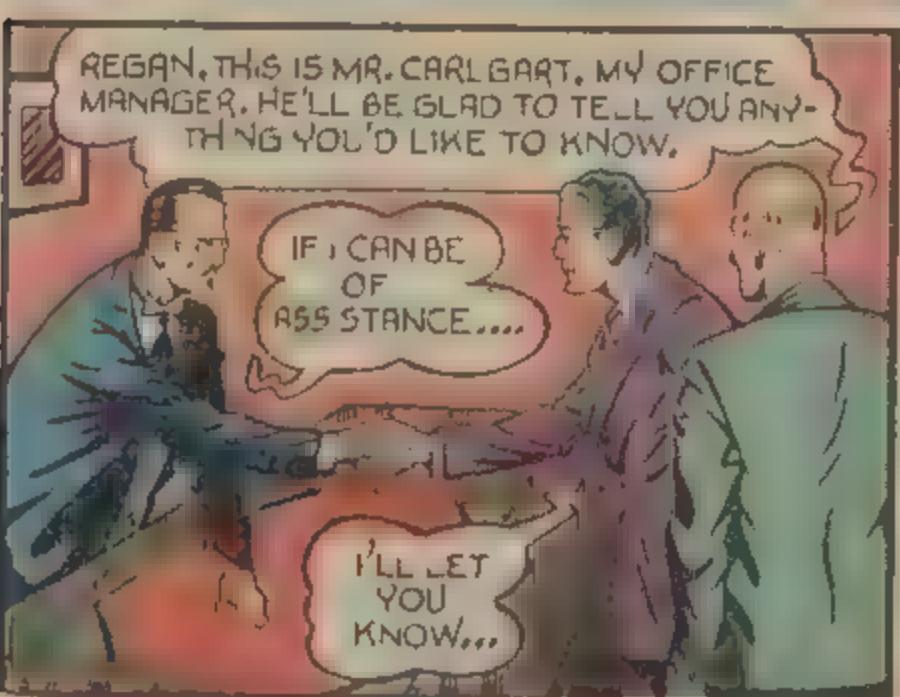
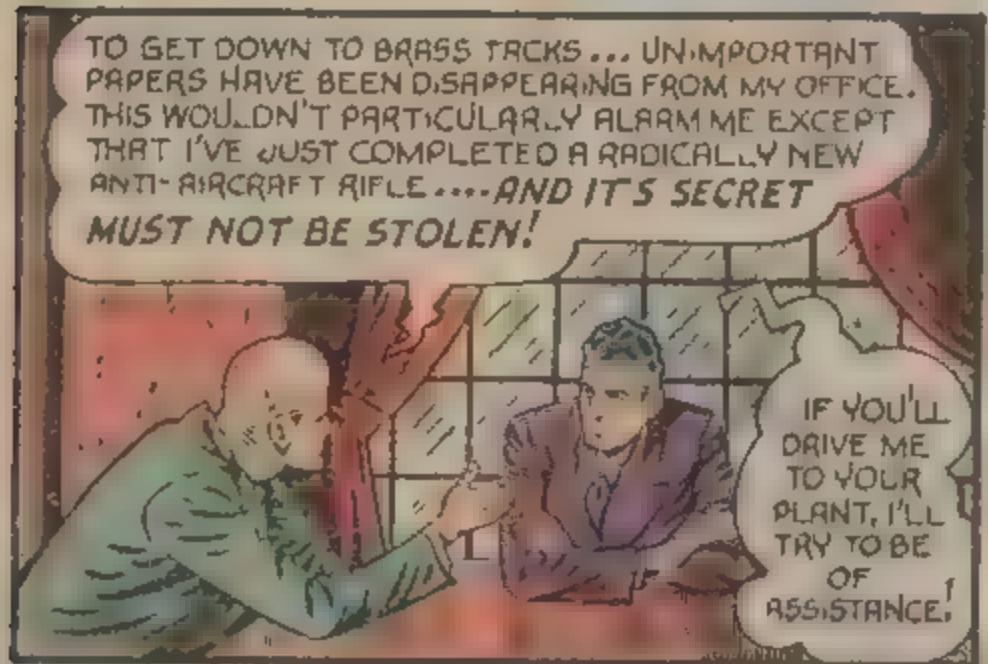
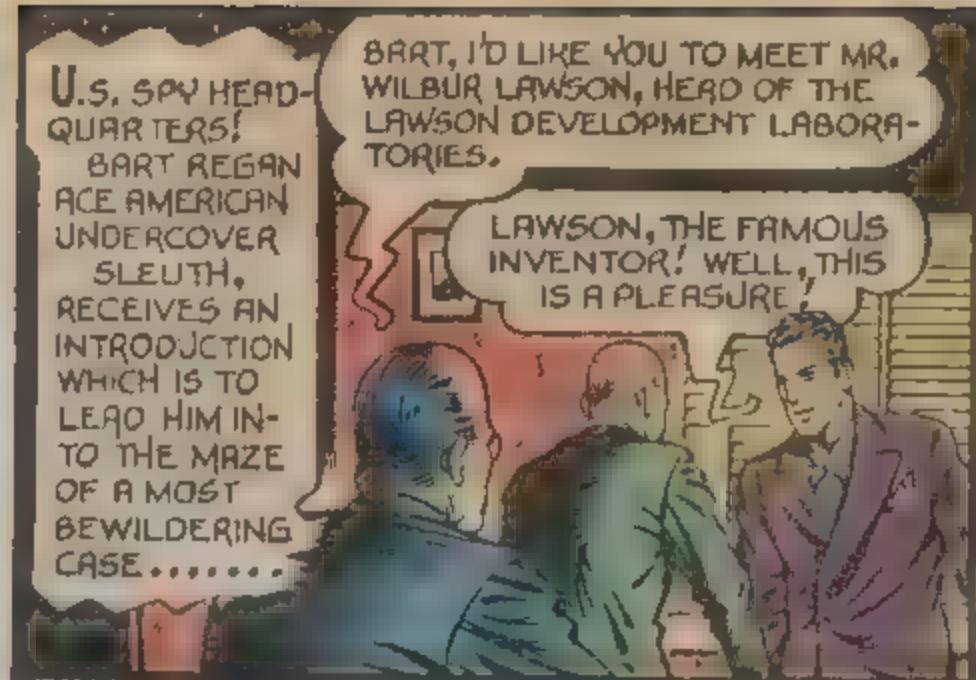
HERE
IT IS!

THE BATMAN!



On Sale April 25th





WHAT BART SAW....

....A DRAFTSMAN WHOSE EYES PERSIST IN SHIFTING TOWARD THE WORK OF THOSE NEAR HIM.....

THAT FELLOW THORPE IS A SUSPICIOUS LOOKING BIRD IF I EVER SAW ONE. I'LL STEP WITHIN CARLGART'S OFFICE AND LOOK UP HIS RECORD!

SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, CARLGART, BUT CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THORPE'S RECORD?????

UN...WHY... WHY! YES!

R-RIGHT IN THAT FILING CABINET!

HIS RECORD APPEARS HONEST ENOUGH, BUT I CAN'T FORGET THAT FURTIVE EXPRESSION!

CARLGART AND THORPE, TOGETHER IN A HUDDLE AT THAT WATER FOUNTAIN!

CARLGART COULD HAVE GO'TEN HIS DRINK FROM THIS REFRIGERATOR COOLER.....BUT HE CHOSE TO DASH OUT. I WONDER IF HIS GOING TO THAT FOUNTAIN WAS A RUSE TO WARN THORPE!

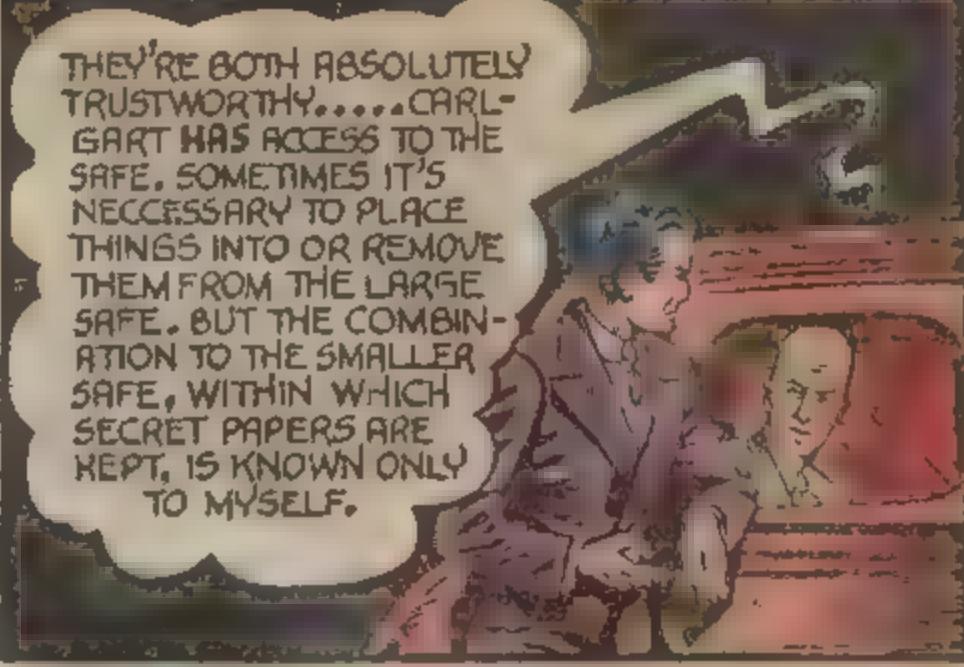
AFTER MR. LAYSON AND BOY LEAVE THE PLANT.....

ANY LUCK?

PERHAPS!...WOULD YOU MIND ANSWERING A FEW QUESTIONS?



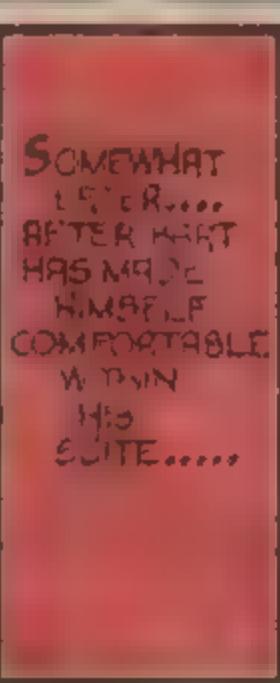
CARLGART AND THORPE... CAN YOU VOUCH FOR THEM? HAS CARLGART ACCESS TO THE OFFICE SAFE?



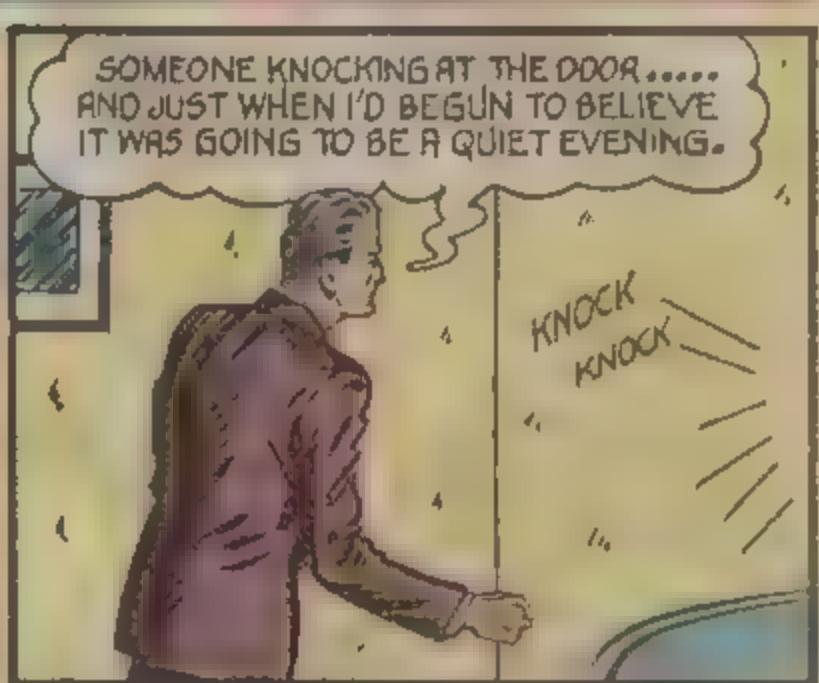
THEY'RE BOTH ABSOLUTELY TRUSTWORTHY..... CARLGART HAS ACCESS TO THE SAFE. SOMETIMES IT'S NECESSARY TO PLACE THINGS INTO OR REMOVE THEM FROM THE LARGE SAFE. BUT THE COMBINATION TO THE SMALLER SAFE, WITHIN WHICH SECRET PAPERS ARE KEPT, IS KNOWN ONLY TO MYSELF.



THANKS FOR DROPPING ME OFF AT MY APARTMENT! SEE YOU TOMORROW!



SOMEWHAT LATER.... AFTER MATT HAS MADE HIMSELF COMFORTABLE WITHIN HIS SUITE....

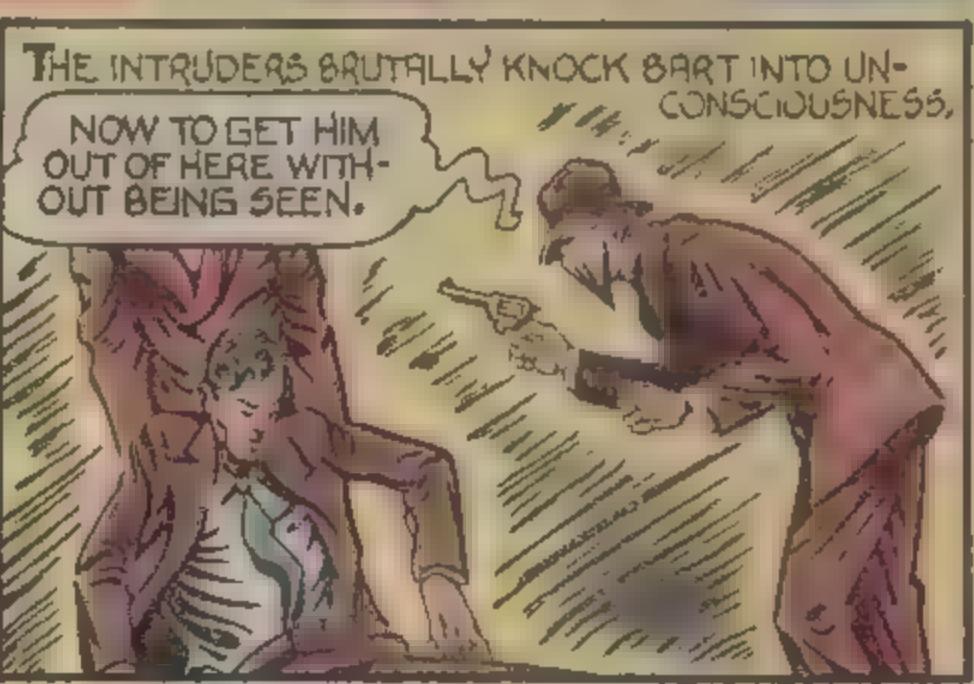


SOMEONE KNOCKING AT THE DOOR..... AND JUST WHEN I'D BEGIN TO BELIEVE IT WAS GOING TO BE A QUIET EVENING.



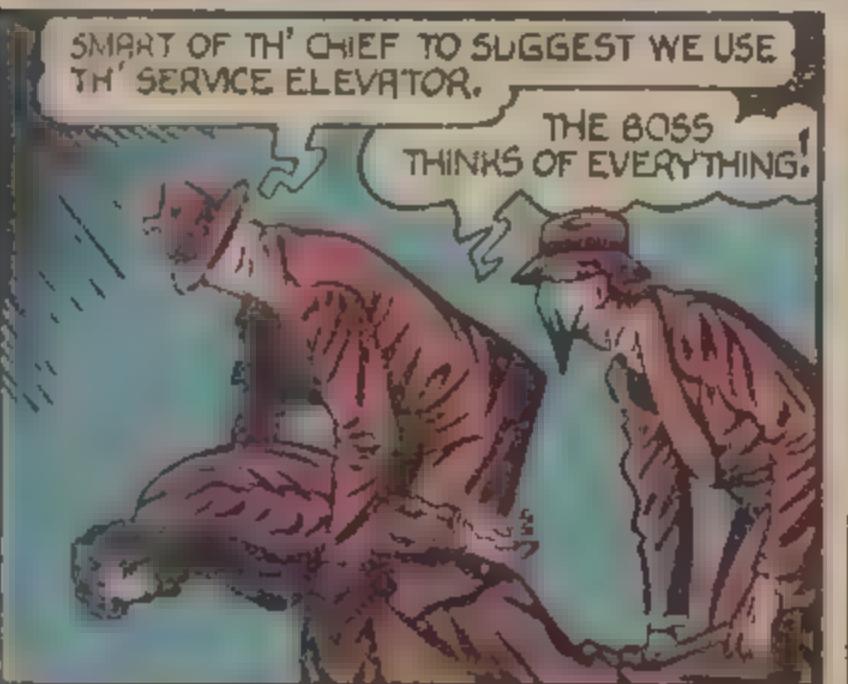
AS BART NEARS THE DOOR, IT SUDDENLY BURSTS OPEN.

STICK 'EM UP, AND DON'T MOVE!



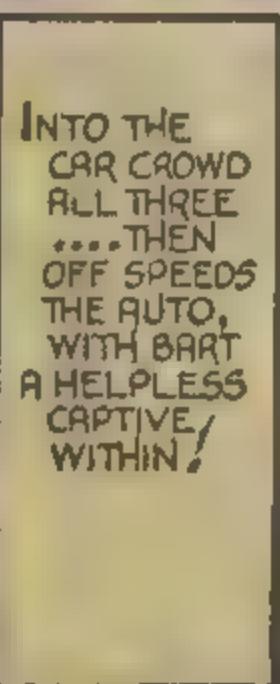
THE INTRUDERS BRUTALLY KNOCK BART INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

NOW TO GET HIM OUT OF HERE WITHOUT BEING SEEN.

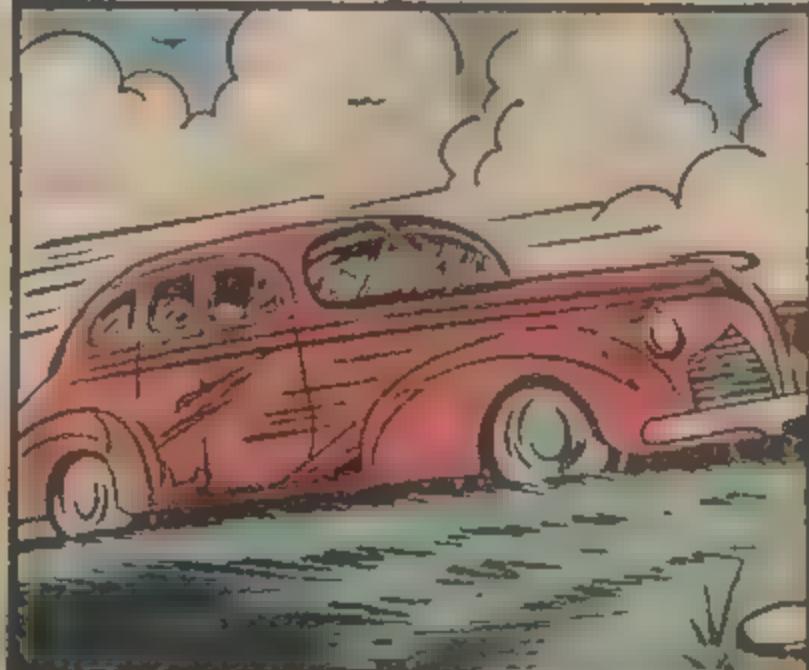


SMART OF TH' CHIEF TO SUGGEST WE USE TH' SERVICE ELEVATOR.

THE BOSS THINKS OF EVERYTHING!



INTO THE CAR CROWD ALL THREE THEN OFF SPEEDS THE AUTO, WITH BART A HELPLESS CAPTIVE WITHIN!



BETTER SAY YOUR PRAYERS, BUDDY
....YOU WON'T HAVE MUCH LONGER
TO DO SO!

I'VE GOT
TO ACT
...AND
PRONTO!

KICKING UP
UNEXPECTED-
LY, THAT
SLEWS
THE
INTENTION
KEY AND
GEARING IT
FROM THE
LOCK....

HEY!...
WHAT?...
STOP!
HIM!

GET
THAT KEY!

I CAN'T! HE DROPPED IT TO THE
FLOOR, AN' WON'T MOVE HIS
FEET OFF O' IT!

WITH ITS MOTOR STALLED, THE CAR SWERVES OFF
THE ROAD.....

SCREECH!

DESPERATELY,
THE STRONG-
ARM MEN
SLUG BART
IN AN EFFORT
TO MAKE HIM
FREE THE
KEY.... BUT
HE GRIMLY
REFUSES TO
UDGE.....

BLAST YOU! LET
GO OF THAT KEY, OR...

HERE COMES
A HIGHWAY PA-
TROLMAN!....
LET'S BEAT IT!

STOP! OR!
I'LL FIRE!

BUT AS THE POLICE-
MAN APPROACHES,
THE THUGS TAKE TO
THEIR HEELS.....

WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU?

UNTIE ME, AND
I'LL EXPLAIN!

I'M A U.S. SECRET AGENT!
NOW DO YOU WANT TO
KNOW THE DETAILS?
THAT'S DIFFERENT!
YOU NEVER TELL
ME A THING!

NEXT MORNING.....AT LAWSON'S HOME.....

MY IDEA IS FOR YOU TO PLACE A MODEL OF YOUR INVENTION IN THE OFFICE SAFE. WE'LL CONCEAL OURSELVES AND SEE WHOEVER TRIES TO STEAL IT.

I'M A BIT DUBIOUS... BUT I SAID I'D CO-OPERATE WITH YOU, AND I WILL!

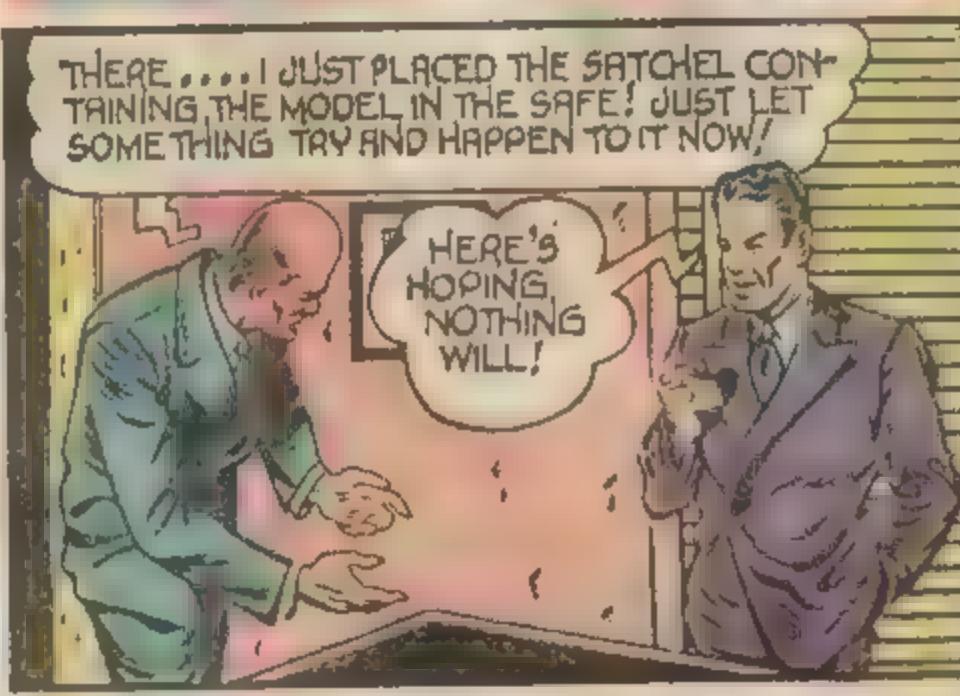


LATER....AS THEY ENTER LAWSON'S OFFICE.....

CARL GART AND THORPE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY PRIVATE OFFICE?

IN A HUDDLE AGAIN. I SIMPLY DON'T TRUST THOSE FELLOWS!

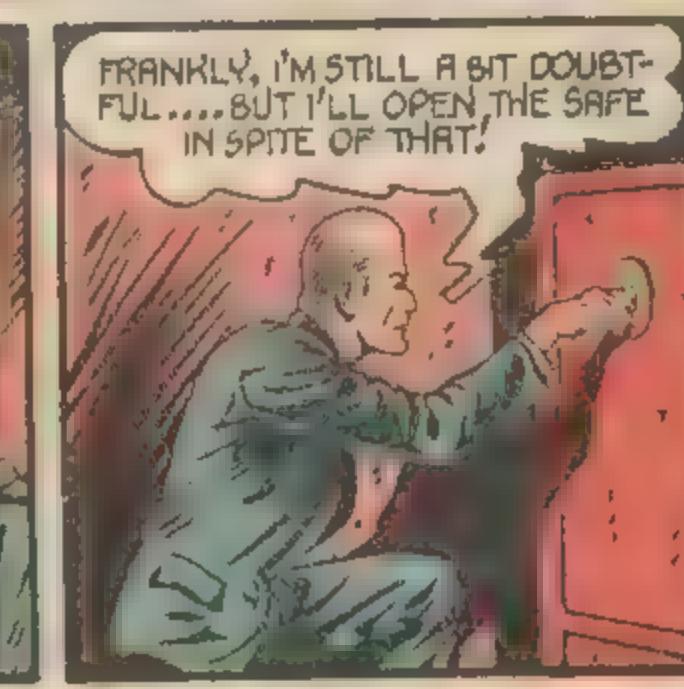
WE...ER...JUST STEPPED IN FOR A MOMENT TO DISCUSS SOME...ER... OFFICE DETAILS



JUST A MOMENT, I'VE BEEN STRUCK BY A SUDDEN THOUGHT. WOULD YOU MIND OPENING THE SAFE, TO SEE IF THE MODEL IS STILL THERE?

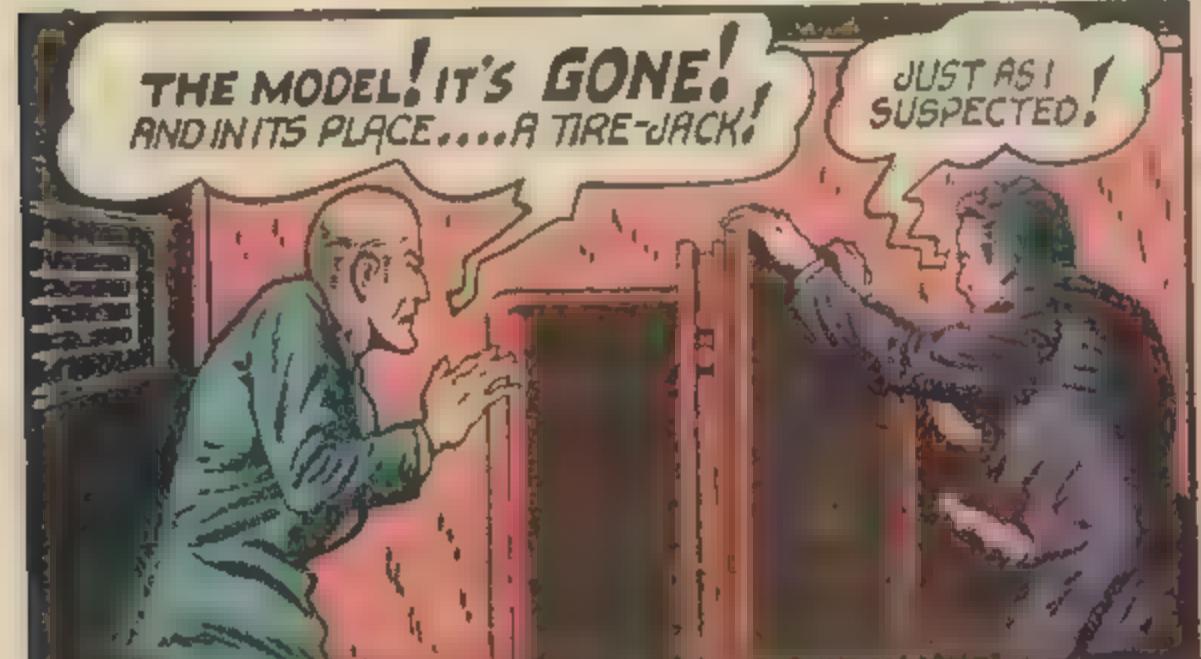
CERTAINLY. BUT NOTHING COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO IT. I JUST PLACED IT IN THERE A MOMENT AGO.

FRANKLY, I'M STILL A BIT DOUBTFUL....BUT I'LL OPEN THE SAFE IN SPITE OF THAT!



THE MODEL! IT'S GONE!
AND IN ITS PLACE....A TIRE-JACK!

JUST AS I SUSPECTED!



PERHAPS IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO CATCH THE THIEF!

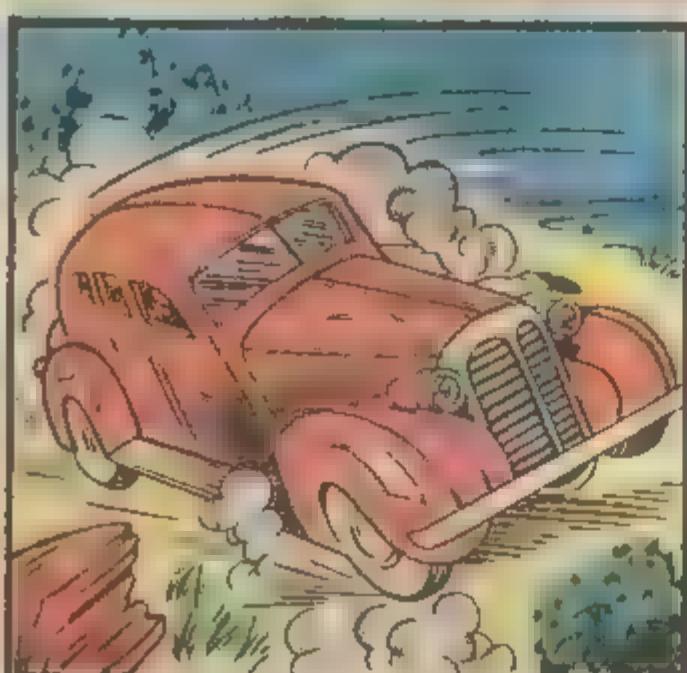
AS BART DASHES OUT OF THE PLANT, LAWSON'S CHAUFFEUR COMMENCES TO DRIVE THRU THE OPEN GATE!



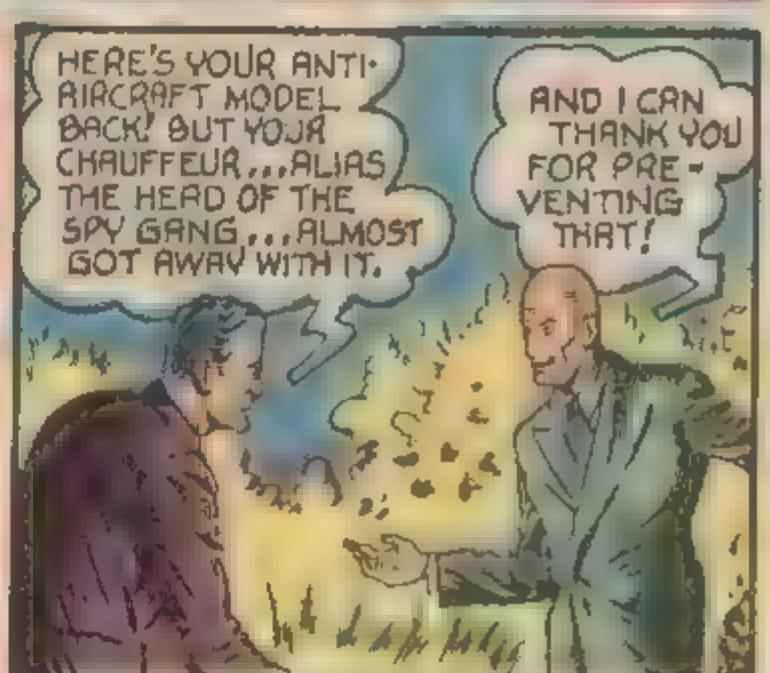
THE FIRST BULLET MISTES BART, AND BEFORE THE MURDEROUS CHAUFFEUR CAN FIRE AGAIN BART LETS HIM HAVE IT ON THE JAW.



REACHING IN, BART JERKS BACK THE EMERGENCY BRAKE, AND THE AUTO SCREECHES TO A STOP....



LATER HE LEAVES THE GUN'S YARD...



YOUR CHAUFFEUR WAS ABLE TO OVERHEAR EVERYTHING YOU SAID IN YOUR CAR, AND HE WAS FREE TO BRING OBJECTS IN OR OUT OF THE PLANT WITHOUT BEING INSPECTED

HIRING THE CHAUFFEUR WAS UP TO THE HOUSE-KEEPER AND I SCARCELY NOTICED IT WHEN SHE HIRED THIS NEW MAN.

MR. LAWSON HAS CONFIDED YOUR SUSPICIONS TO ME. I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT THE REASON I SECURED A DRINK FROM THE FOUNTAIN WAS BECAUSE THE WATER WAS COOLER.

AND THE REASON MY EYES APPEAR SHIFTY IS BECAUSE I'M CURSED WITH A NERVOUS EYE-AFFLCTION I CAN'T OVERCOME.

WELL, THIS HAS AT LEAST TAUGHT ME NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH OTHER APPEARANCES.

THE END

REPLGAN

WHAT'S THAT /
A SCREAM!



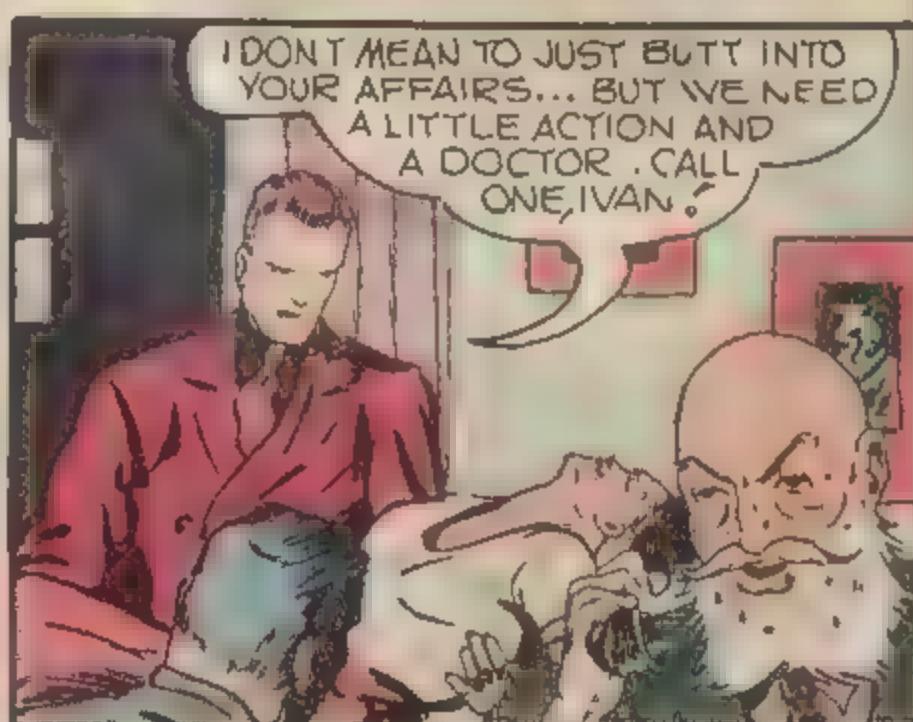
QUICK, IVAN... SOMEBODY'S
IN TROUBLE - THE SCREAM
CAME FROM
IN THERE!



NO CAUSE FOR ANY ALARM —
THE SUDDEN DEATH OF
MY NIECE HAS CAUSED HER
SISTER TO BECOME QUITE
HYSTERICAL... DRINK
THIS, MY DEAR!



I DON'T MEAN TO JUST BUTT INTO
YOUR AFFAIRS... BUT WE NEED
A LITTLE ACTION AND
A DOCTOR. CALL
ONE, IVAN!



UNFORTUNATE, BUT QUITE
A COMMON CASE...
YOUR NIECE DIED
OF HEART FAILURE.

IN CECILE'S
SISTER'S ROOM,
THE
DOCTOR
HAS MADE
HIS
EXAMINATION
AND TELLS
THE
UNCLE OF
HIS
FINDINGS.



THOSE MARKS ON HER ARM!!!
IVAN... THIS GIRL WAS
MURDERED.

YAH?



TALK TO HER UNCLE, IVAN SO
THAT HE DOESN'T SEE ME
PASS HER THIS
NOTE?

YAH SURE, RAD?

NOW IF YOU GENTLEMEN
WILL PLEASE LEAVE
US...

I have reason to
believe your sister
was murdered. She
me at 32 Noel Street
tonight - destroy
the note, and
say nothing.
Logan

I CAME AS SOON AS
POSSIBLE.

GOOD! I'VE
GOT A LOT
OF QUESTIONS
TO ASK YOU.

MY SISTER HAD JUST
ANNOUNCED HER
WEDDING DATE.
YOU SEE DAD LEFT
A WILL - UNLESS WE
GET MARRIED
THE MONEY GOES
TO UNCLE... YES
I AM ENGAGED TO
ARTHUR BRAND.
BUT HE HASN'T ANY
KNOWLEDGE OF
THE WILL...

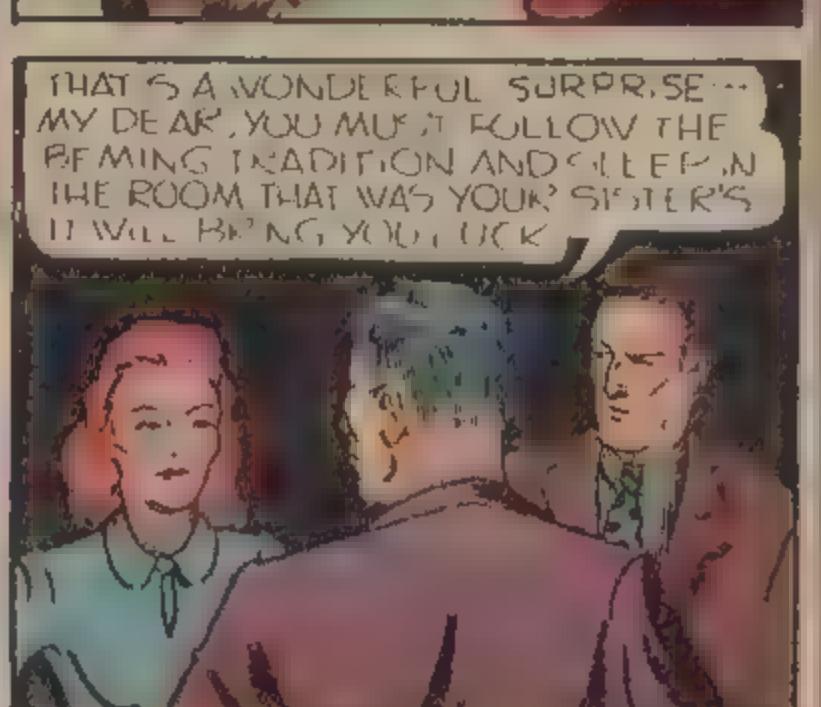
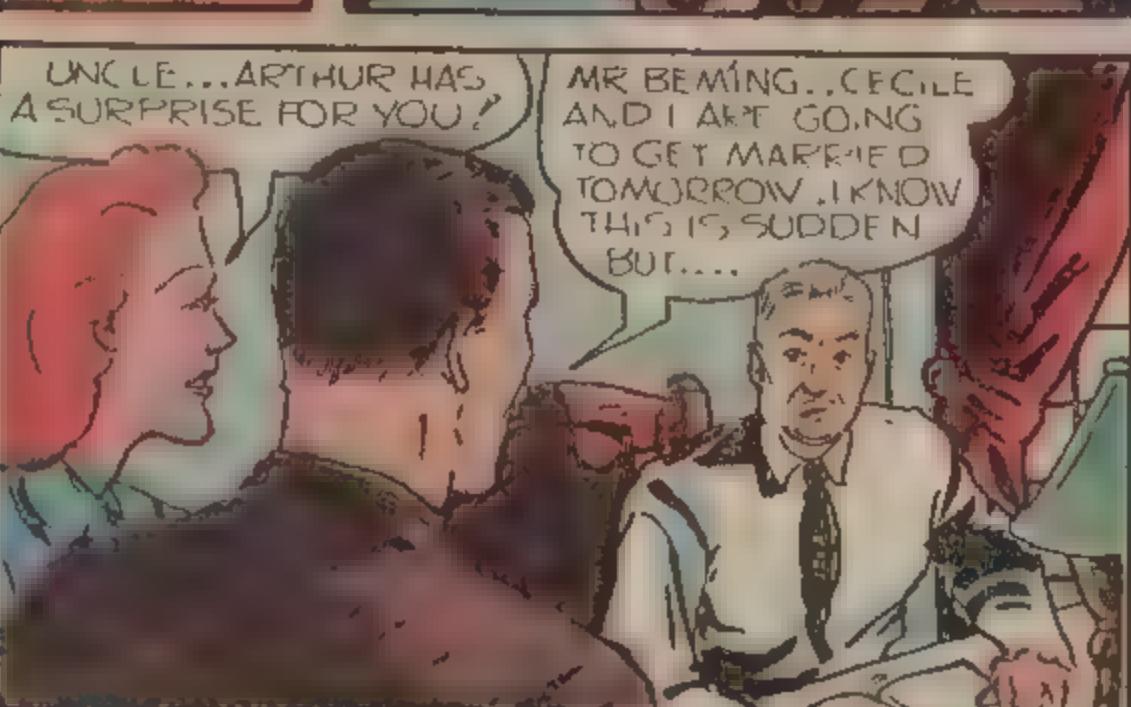
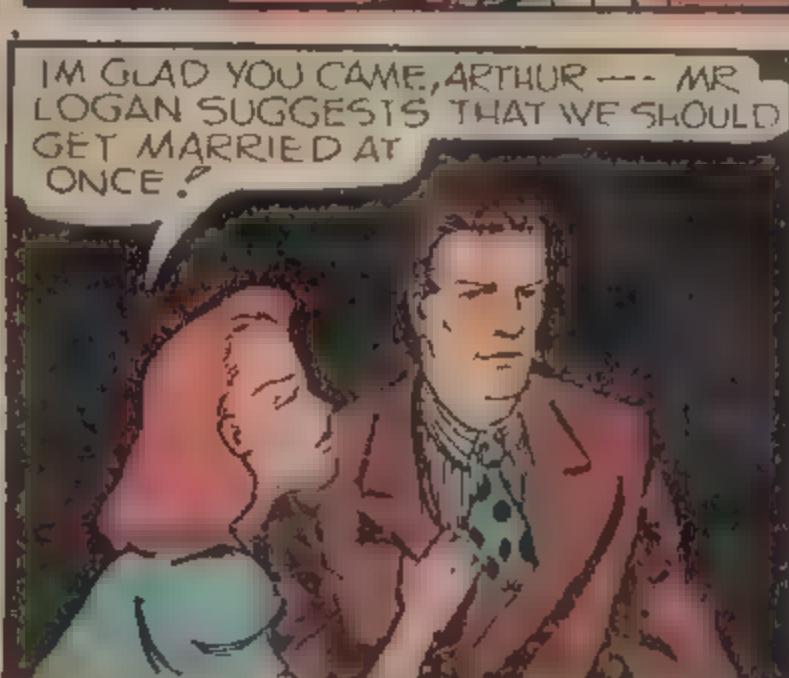
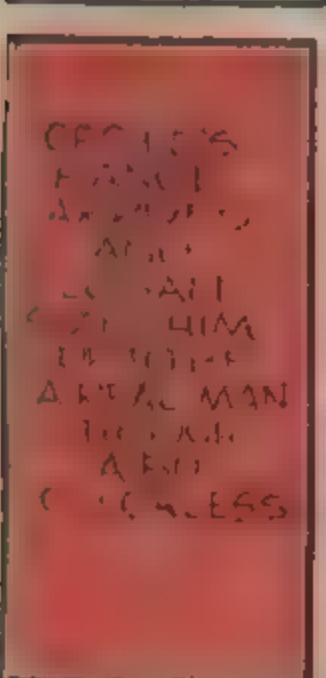
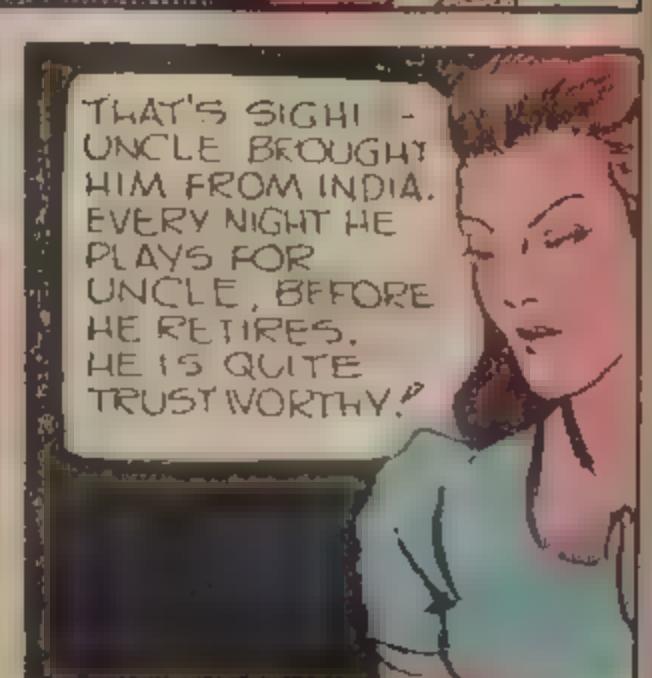
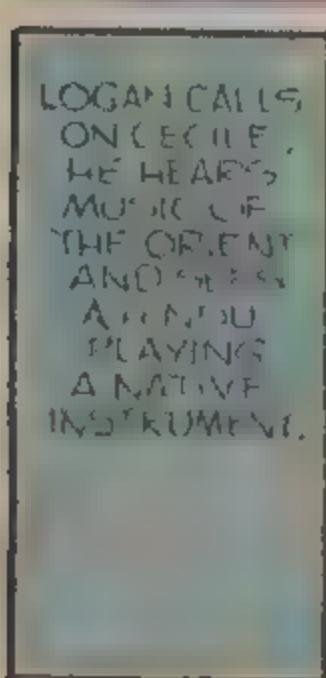
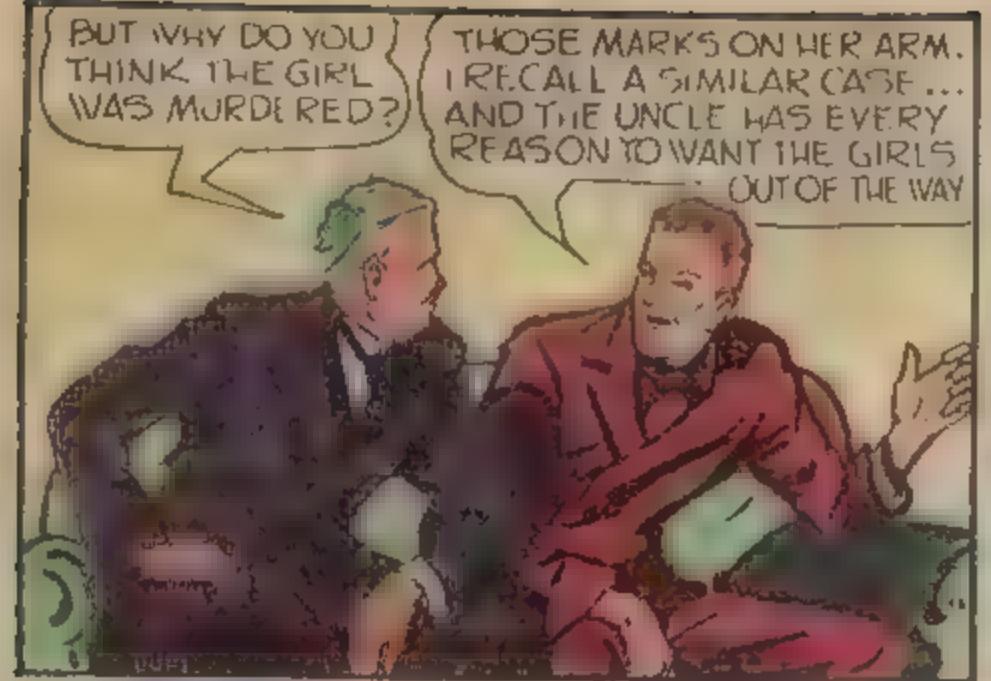
THAT IS WHAT I HOPE
TO LEARN... THE WHOLE
THING BEGINS TO
MAKE SENSE.. DID
YOUR UNCLE
EVER TRAVEL IN
ANY FOREIGN
COUNTRIES?

YES HE
TRAVELED IN
INDIA... BUT
WHAT HAS
THAT TO DO
WITH MY
SISTER?

IM GOING TO TALK
THINGS OVER WITH MY
FRIEND THE
INSPECTOR.. YOU
RETURN HOME, BUT
SAY NOTHING
OF THIS VISIT.

RED
SENDS IVAN
WITH A
NOTE TO THE
INSPECTOR,
ASKING
HIM TO
MEET HIM.

LOGAN HAS AN UNCANNY
SENSE FOR FERRETING OUT
FOUL PLAY!



SUCH HE YELLED
UP STAR'S THINK
THEY'LL GET
MARRIED AND
THAT, WILL GIVE
THEM MY
BLESSEDNESS AND
LET ALL OF THAT
MONEY SLIP
THROUGH MY
FINGER'S!

LEARNING
OF THE
UNCLES
REQUEST,
LOGAN IS
ENTHUSIASTIC,
AS HE LAYS
THE
GROUNDWORK
FOR HIS
PLANS TO
CREATE A
MURDER!

YOU'VE GOT TO TRUST ME
TO SEE THAT NOTHING
HAPPENS TO YOU —
YOU'VE GOT
TO DO AS
YOUR
UNCLE
REQUESTS.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SLEEP
IN THAT ROOM —
CECILE I WON'T
ALLOW IT!

BUT
ARTHUR —

UNABLE
TO
DECODE
CECILE,
ARTHUR GIVES
THERE
LOGAN
AND MARY
WHAT HE
QUOTED.

NOW SEE HERE LOGAN,
IF ANYTHING HAPPENS
TO HER IN THAT
ROOM — YOU
WILL HAVE
ME TO
SETTLE
WITH.

NOTHING
IS GOING
TO HAPPEN.
ARTHUR.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT
ME

LET THE
INSPECTOR IS
PREPARE D!

RIGHT TO INSPECTOR?
WE'RE KEADY WHEN-
EVER THE SIGNAL
IS GIVEN!

TONIGHT — PLAY THE SONG
OF THE COBRA FOR ME IT
WILL SOOTH ME
GREATLY

CECILE RETIRES BUT IS VERY RESTLESS —

I KNOW IT'S SILLY OF ME, BUT
I CAN'T HELP FEELING
SOMETHING IS
WRONG

THAT NIGHT, RED AND IVAN HIDE IN A NEARBY ROOM. THE GIRL FALLS INTO A FITFUL SLEEP.



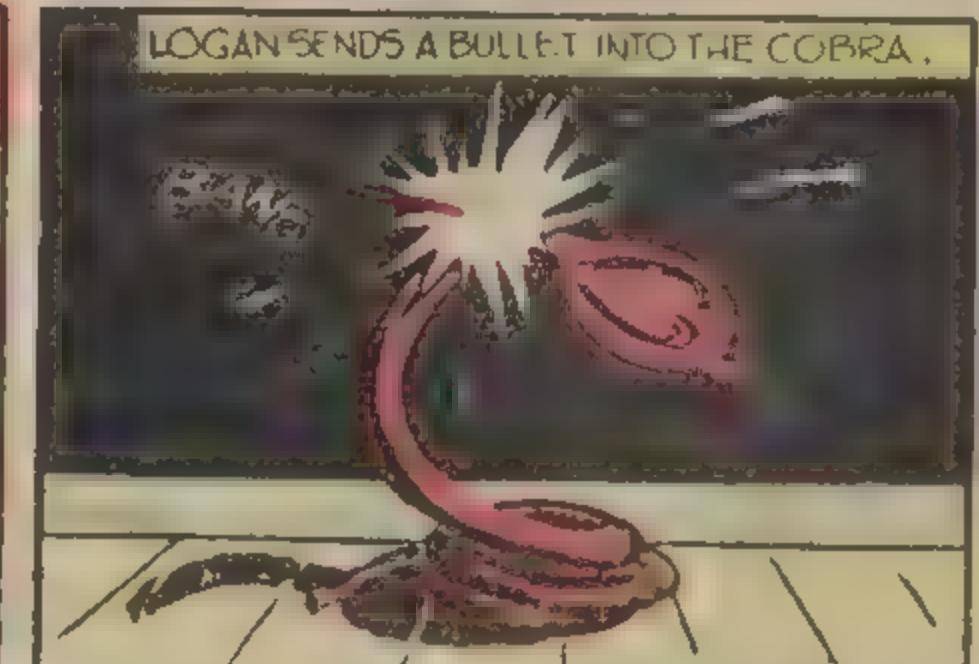
IN THE DARK, IVAN PLACES A NOSE ON THE COBRA'S HEAD. BUT AS HE DOES SO, HE DOES NOT SEE THE COBRA ENTER CELLES' ROOM.



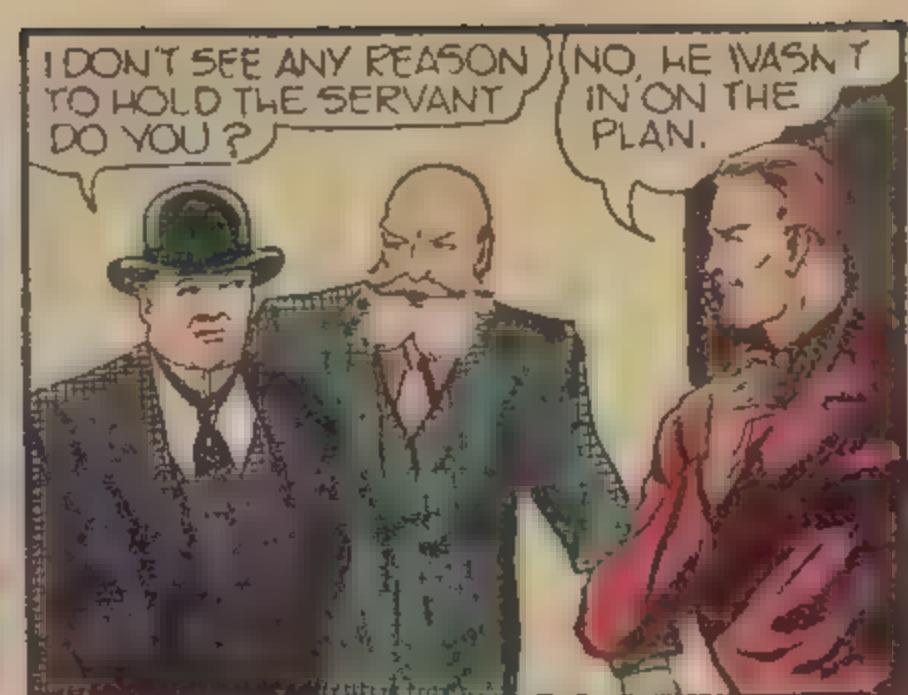
THE NOSE SERVES TO STOP THE DESCENT OF THE COBRA AND CAUSES IT TO RETURN THROUGH THE OPEN PANEL TO THE INCLES ROOM.



THE COBRA KEEPS ON FIGHTING. IVAN CALLS TO IVAN'S CALL TO CELLES. CELLES POOL IS BROKEN DOWN.



AN INVESTIGATION PROVES THAT THE COBRA HAS BEEN FAIR TO THE VALE WHO HAD MADE HER MARRIED TO TROY NICE.



THE WHOLE THING IS INCREDIBLE! WHY WOULD HE WISH TO HARM YOU, MY DEAR?

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE WOULD HAVE KILLED ME TO KEEP ME FROM GETTING MARRIED... SO HE COULD HAVE THE MONEY THAT WE ARE TO GET ON OUR WEDDING DAY!

IVAN LIKES WEDDINGS! THEY OUGHT TO MAKE A VERY HAPPY COUPLE IVAN!

The End

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WJAR Providence . 6:15-6:30
WGY Schenectady 6:15-6:30

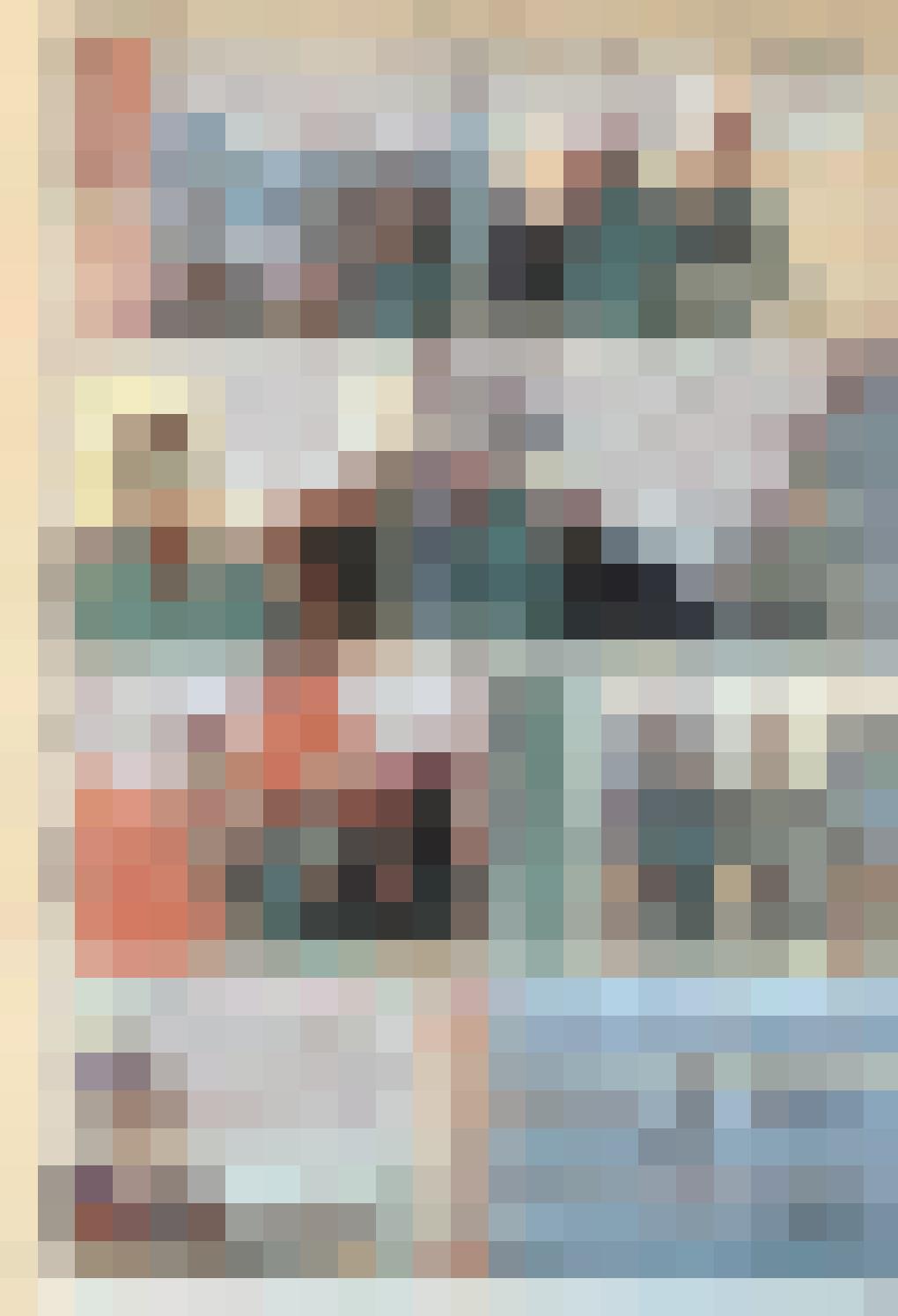
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WBZA Springfield . 5:00-5:15
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Tuesday, Thursday,
and Saturday

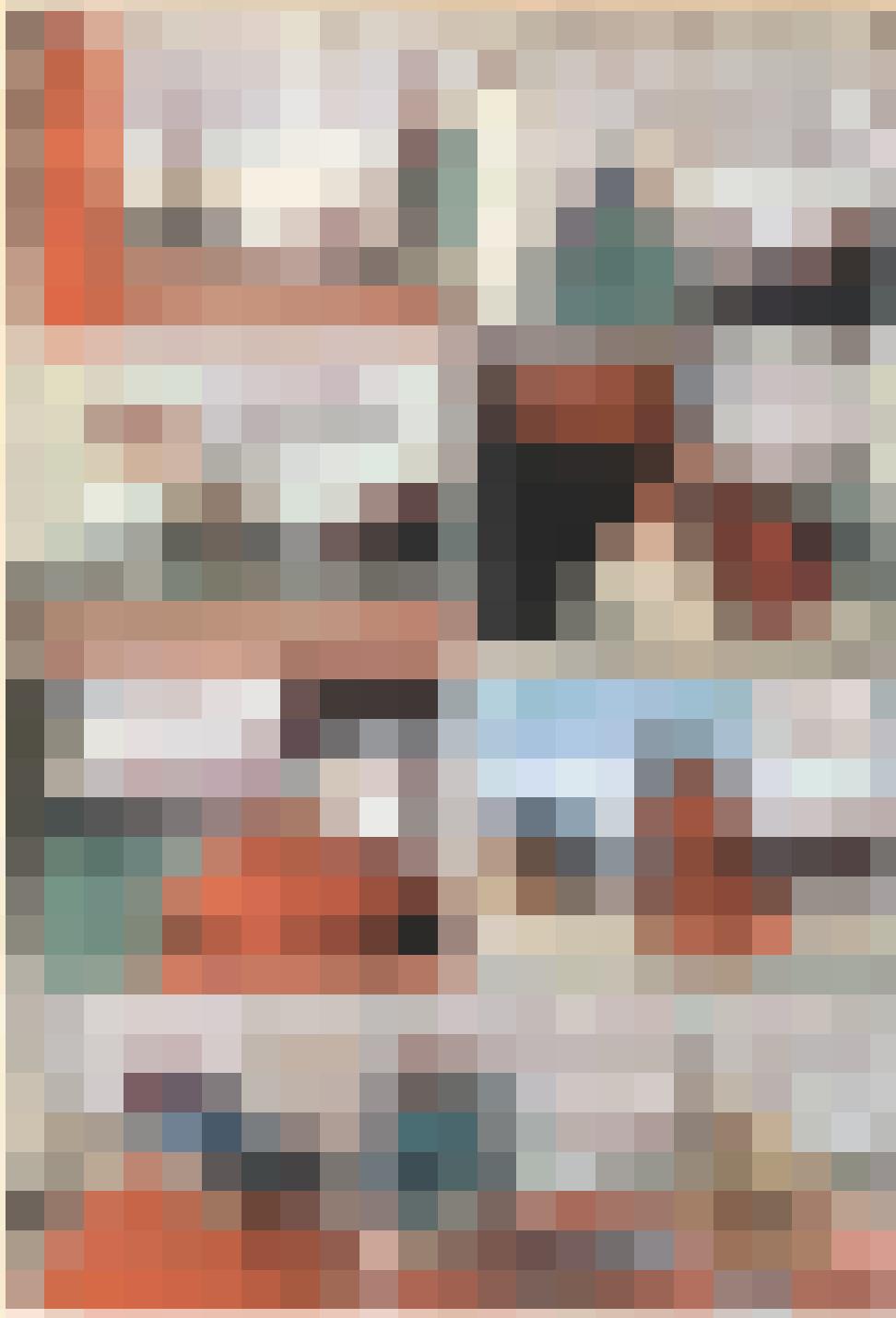
WFBL Syracuse . . 6:15-6:30
WTIC Hartford . . 6:30-6:45
WCAU Philadelphia 6:15-6:30



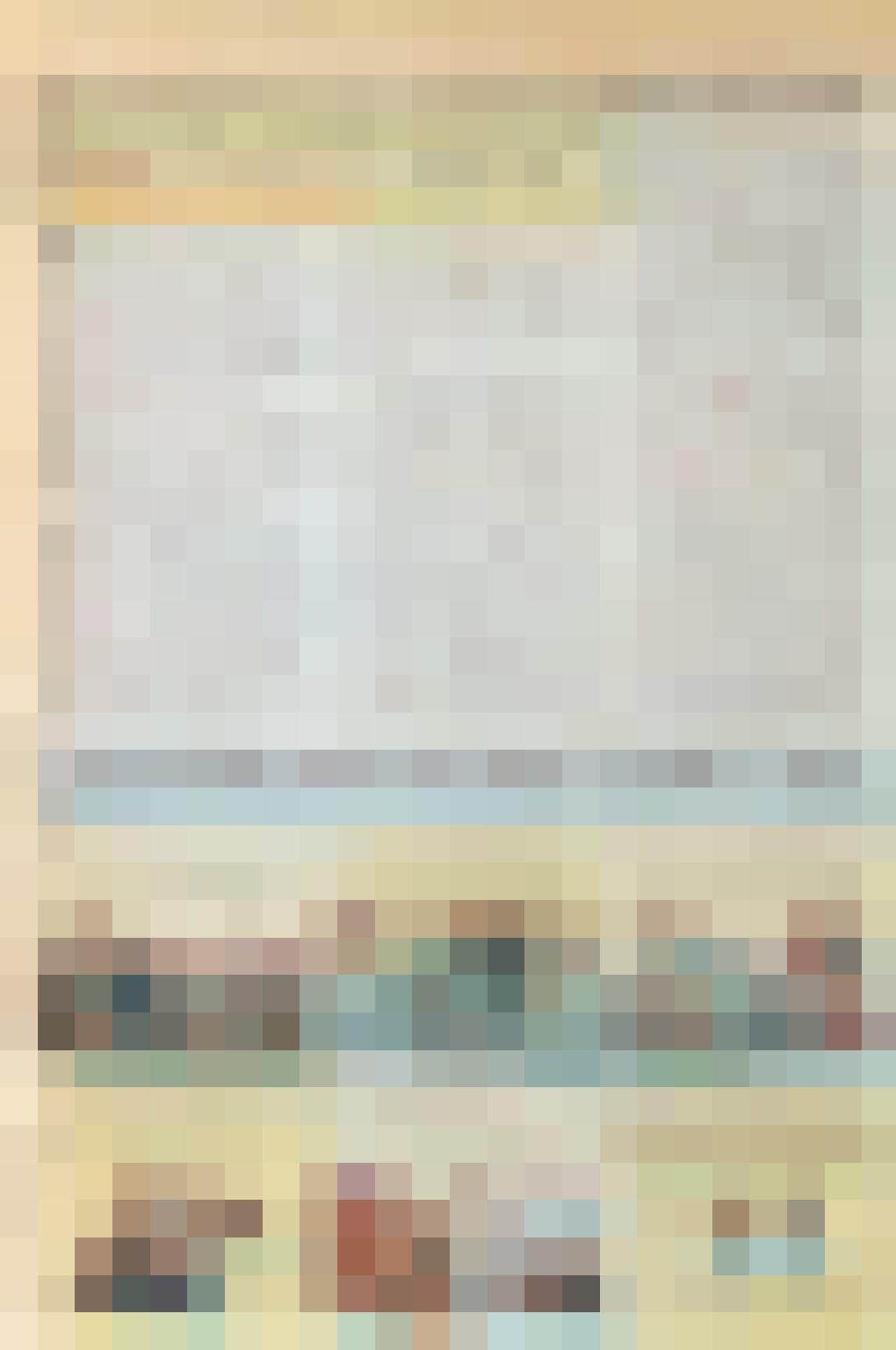










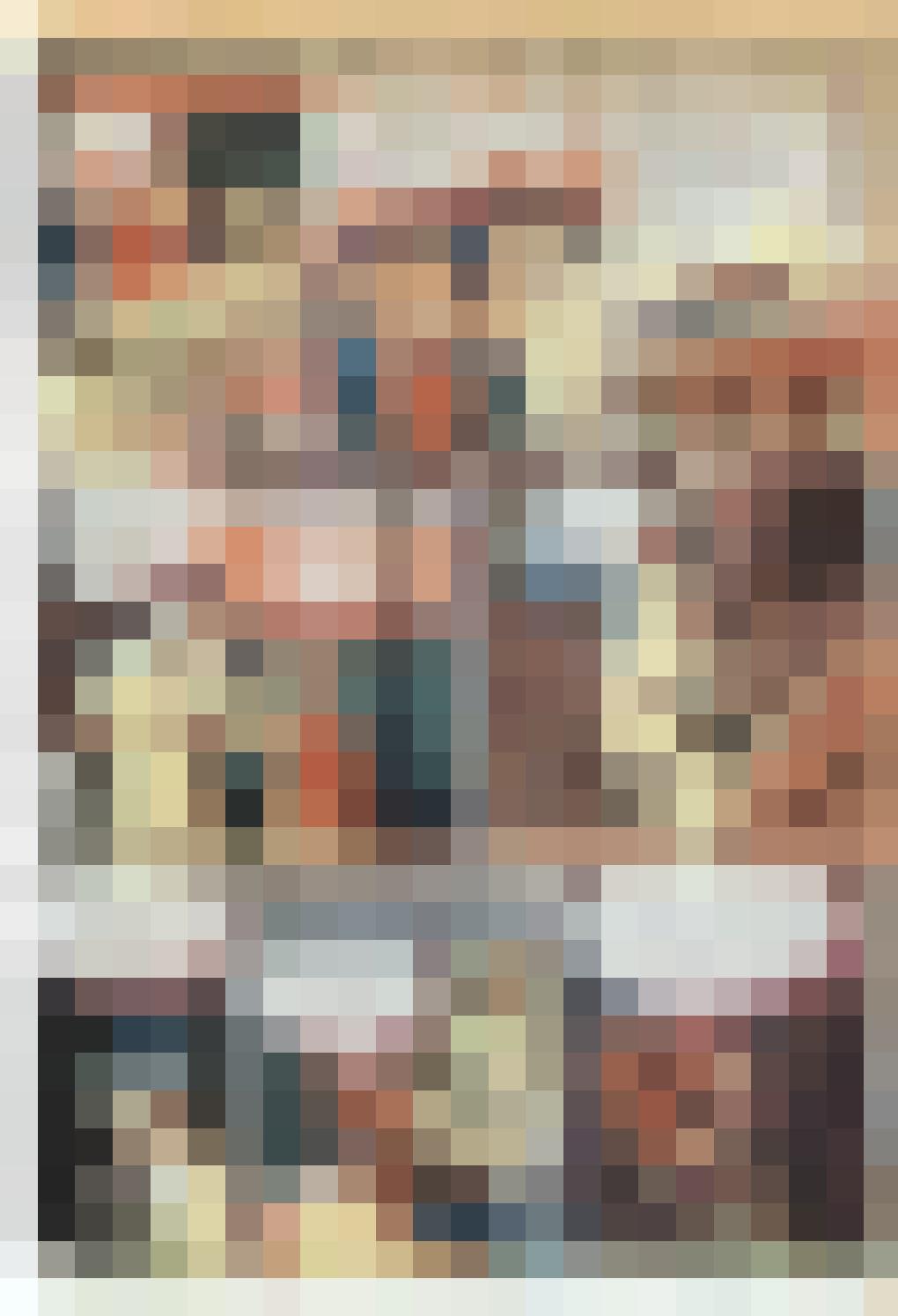












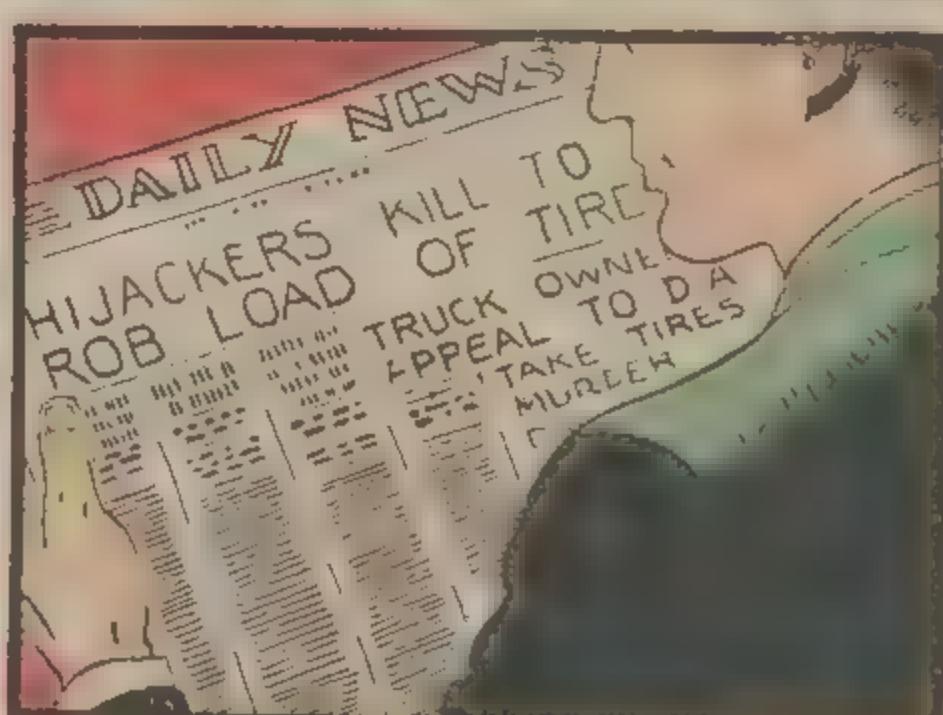
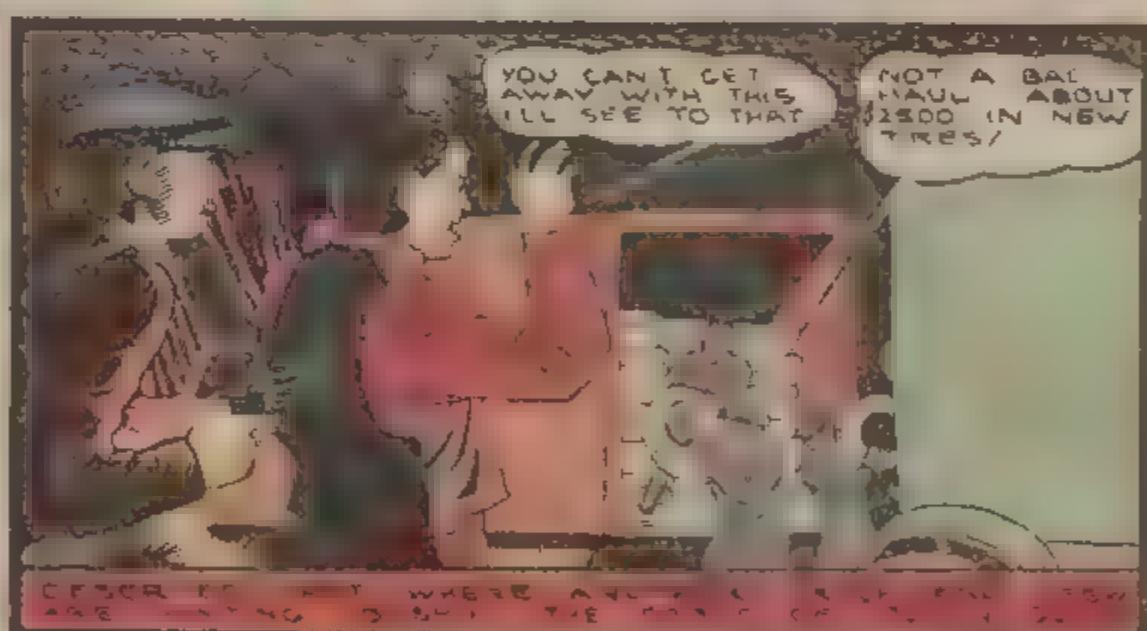




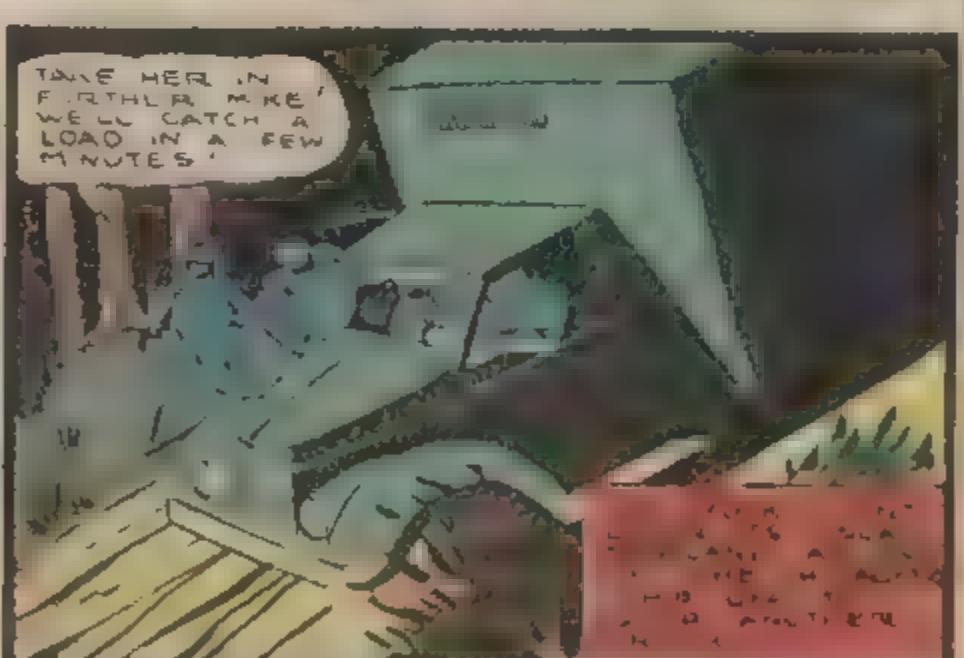
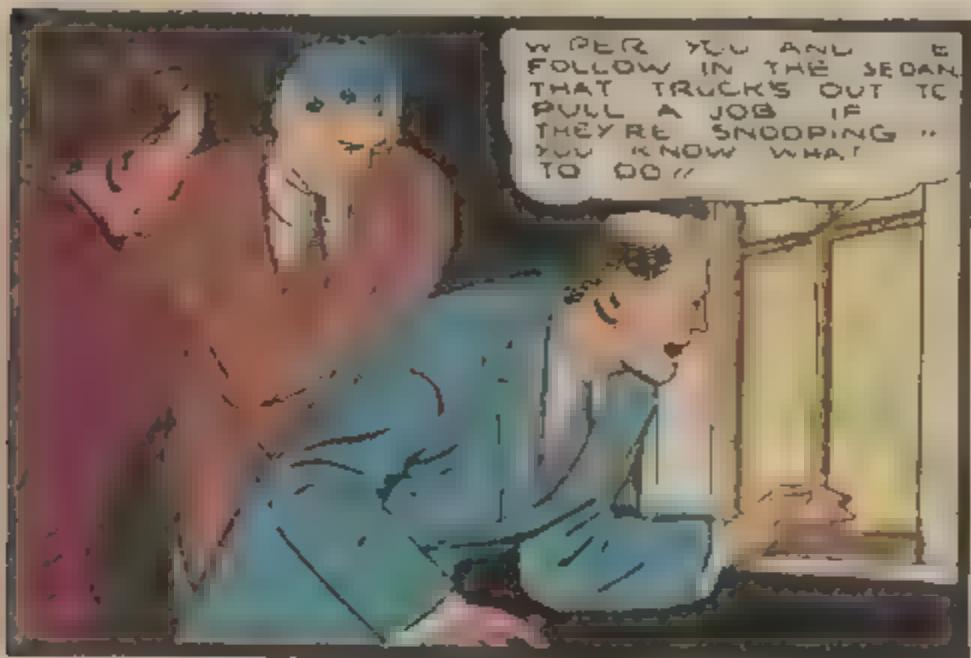
STEVE

MALONE

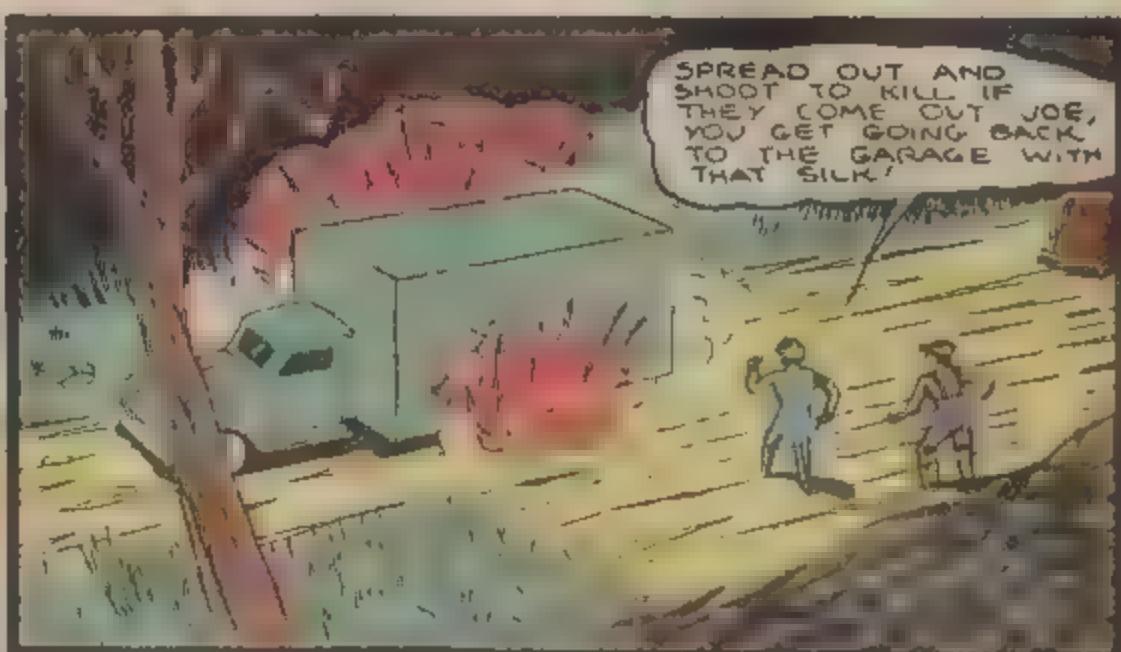
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
BY
DON LYNCH

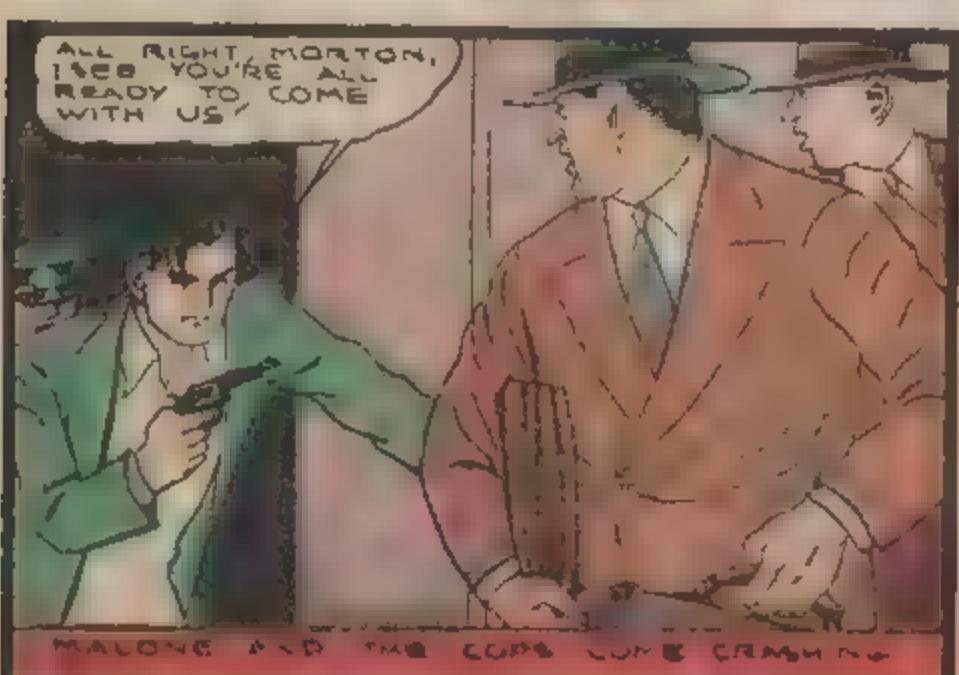
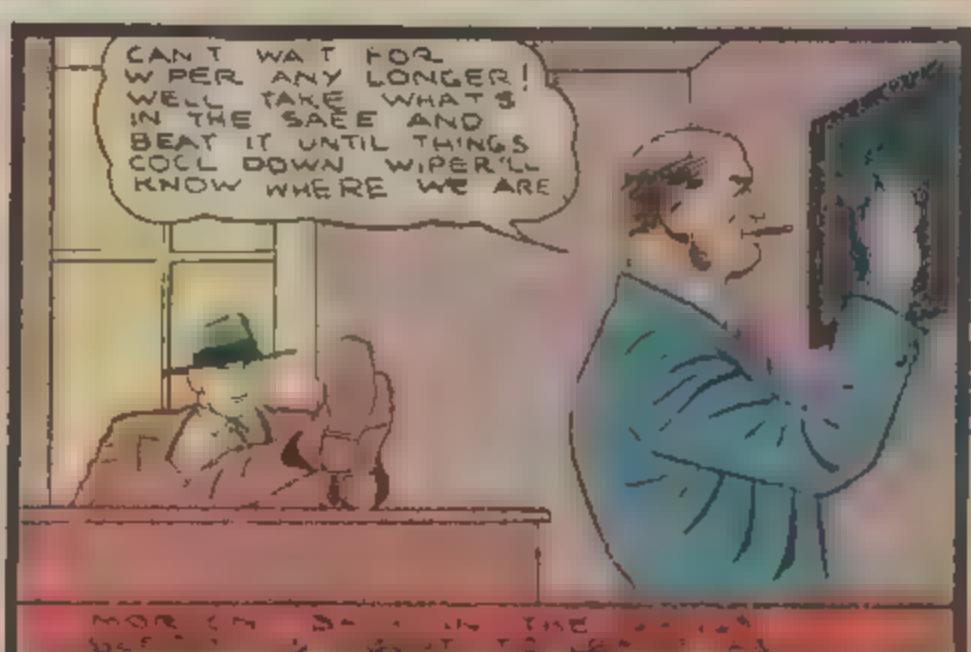
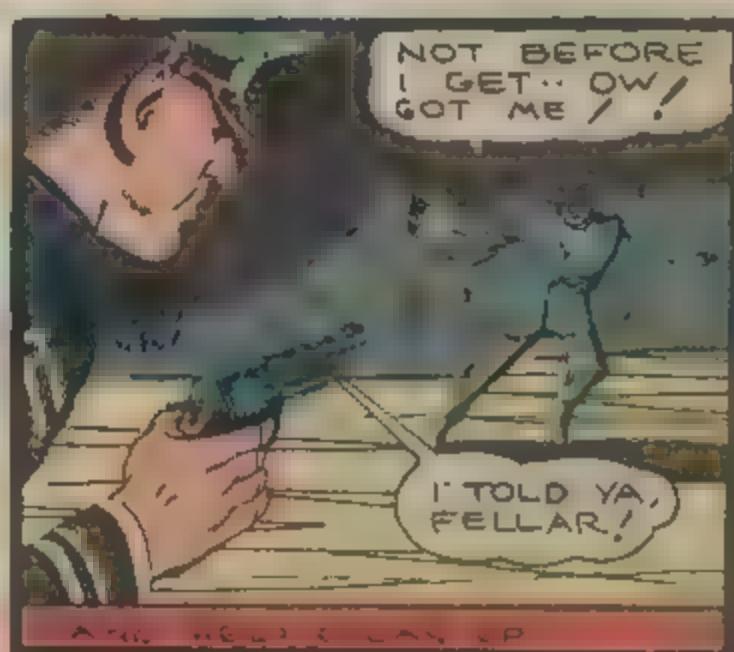












-----THE END-----

CLIFF CROSBY

CLIFF IS VACATIONING IN FLORIDA...

AND STAY OFF THIS LOT!

HEY!

WHAT'S THE IDEA?

SORRY, LADDIE, BUT IT'S ORDERS!

DON'T GET ME WRONG! I LIKE THE KIDDIES, BUT IT'S THAT CROOKED POLITICIAN, AL LARSON... MAKES US DO IT!

CLIFF GOES DIRECTLY TO THE HOME OF AL LARSON.....

WHY DON'T YOU GIVE THOSE KIDS A BREAK?

WHY DON'T YOU SHUT UP AND GET OUT!

I'LL FIX 'IM, BOSS!

THINK I'LL DO A BIT A FIXIN' MYSELF!

AFTER DISPOSING OF LARSON AND HIS AIDE, CLIFF PROCEEDS TO THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

AND I FEEL THESE CHILDREN SHOULD BE PERMITTED TO PLAY IN VACANT LOTS, NO MATTER WHAT LARSON SAYS!

LARSON DASHES IN...

MY SON HAS JUST BEEN KIDNAPPED BY TED ANDREWS...YOU MUST HELP ME GET HIM BACK!

I'LL GET YOUR SON BACK!

ANDREW'S AND HIS MOB RUN THE 'KITTY-KAT' CLUB

THAT NIGHT FINDS CLIFF ON HIS WAY TO THE KITTY-KAT' CLUB...

..HERE GOES!

CLIFF ENTERS THE CLUB,
BUT IS UNAWARE.....

OF SHARP EYES
OBSERVING HIM!

BY AN UNKNOWN...

A STRANGER
IS NOSIN' AROUND OUTSIDE, BOSS
BRING IM IN!

CLIFF IS BROUGHT IN....

ALL I WANT FROM
YOU IS THE LARSON BOY
KEEP YOUR NOSE
OUTA THIS!

LISTEN, LOPEARS, YOU TELL
ME WHERE THAT BOY IS, —

OR I'LL —

DON'T!
I'LL
TELL!

ANDREWS TELLS CLIFF THAT HE KIDNAPPED THE LARSON BOY FOR RANSOM AND IS BEING HELD BY A TRIBE OF INDIANS IN THE DEEP EVERGLADES.....CLIFF IS DRIVEN TO THE DEEP EVERGLADES BY LARSON....



ARMED WITH
ONLY A
KNIFE, CLIFF
STARTS BY FOOT
ALONE THRU THE
EVERGLADES!

AFTER HOURS OF CUTTING HIS
WAY THRU THE DEEP JUNGLE....

THOSE DARK
CLOUDS OVERHEAD
DON'T LOOK
SO GOOD!

THE DARK CLOUDS ARE AS BIG AS A
MOUNTAIN. CLIFF HURRIES ON
ACROSS THE WILD TERRAIN.



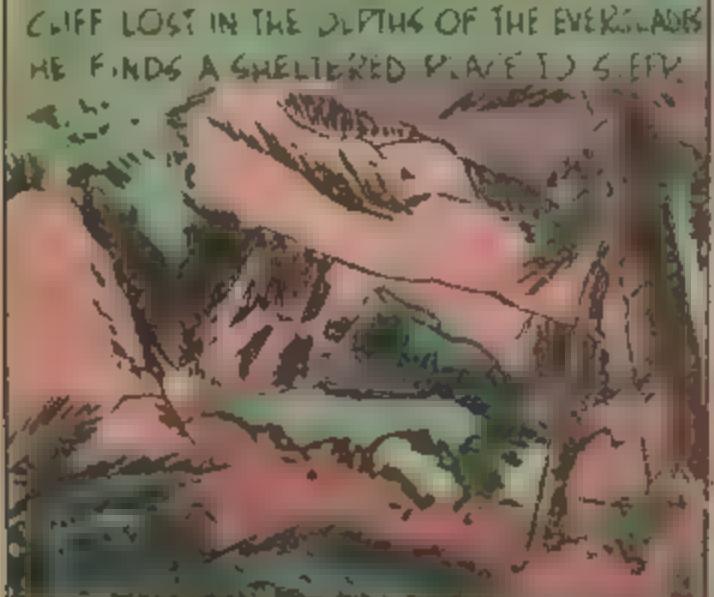
ZING!

CLIFF FLEES TOWARD
THE FOREST LINE.
HE HAS TO GET OUT
OF HERE NOW...

EVENING FINDS THE HURRICANE GONE AND
CLIFF LOST IN THE DEPTHS OF THE EVERGLADES.
HE FINDS A SHELTERED PLACE TO SLEEP.

IT IS INDUS IT WHEN
CLIFF WAKENS....

I'LL FIND DIRECTIONS
BY THE NORTH
STAR



I'VE A FUNNY
FEELING I'M BEING
WATCHED...

CLIFF IS STOPPED IN HIS TRACKS BY AN ARROW STRIKING THE TREE AHEAD OF HIM



THE INDIANS MAKE CLIFF THEIR PRISONER, AND PROCEED TO TAKE HIM TO CAMP....



CLIFF IS SURPRISED TO FIND A SMALL BOY CRYING.

I WANT MY DADDY!



MEDICINE MAN ORDER BOY BE SACRIFICE TO HURRICANE GODS—RIGHT NOW!

TIE UP PALE FACE MUCH MORE!

HEY!



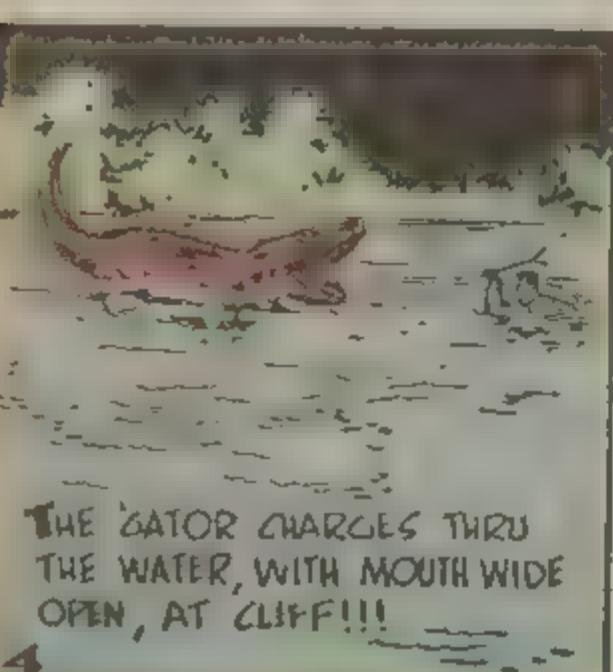
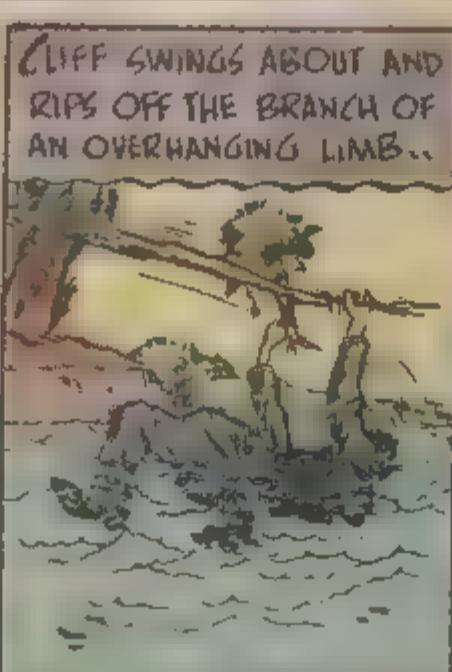
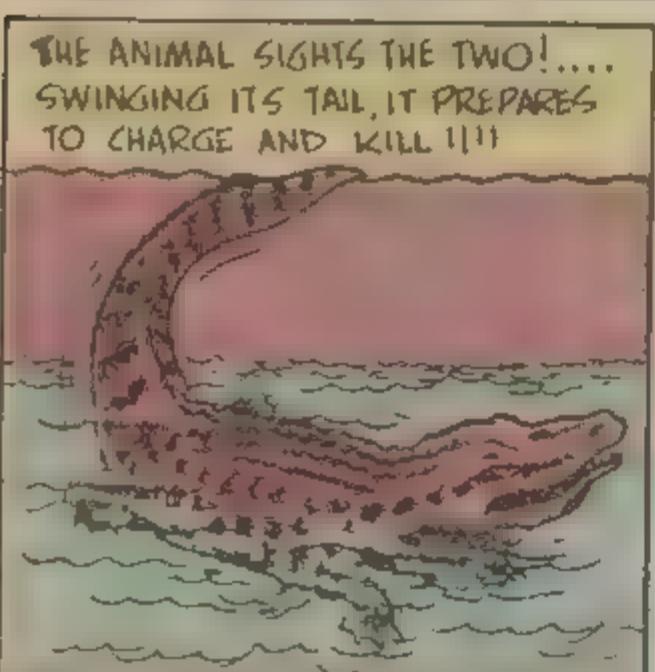
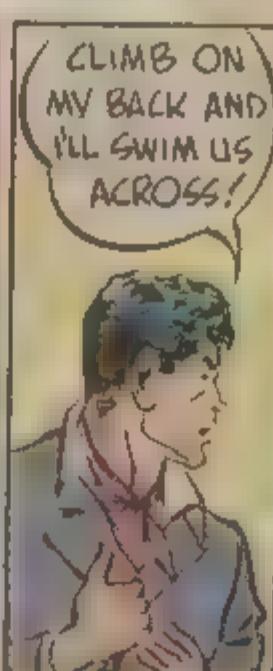
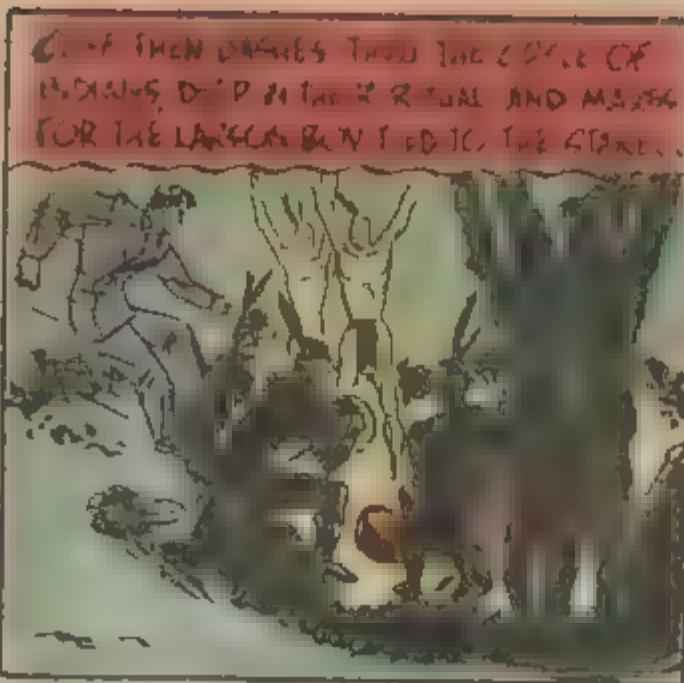
THE INDIANS CURE CLIFF PROCEEDS TO WORK OUT OF HIS BONDS.....



AND CLIFF IS SET FREE.

PALEFACE STOP!



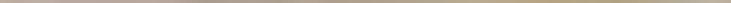




MUGSY, YOU N DUKE TAKE CROSBY
AND THE KID TO THE HIDEOUT...
PETE AN' ME WILL GO BACK
IN THE EVERGLADES AND FIX
THEM INDIANS FOR NOT
FOLLOWING ORDERS!

AS CLIFF STORED IN T-F GAM'S
CAR HE PICKS UP A SPIKE FROM
THE RUNNING BOARD....

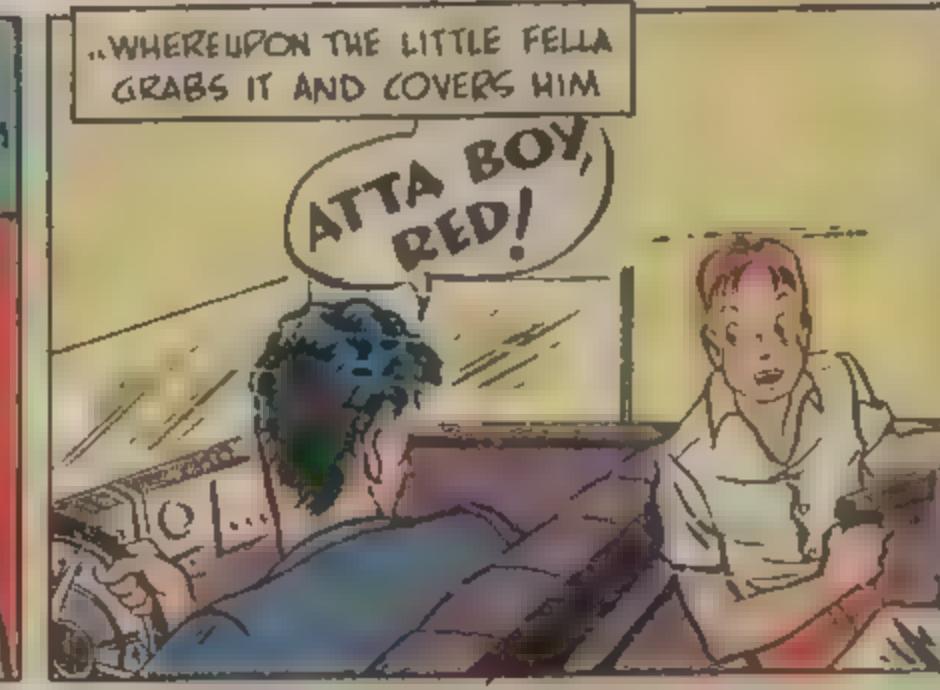
LATER, WHILE DRIVING, CLIFF SENDS THE
SPIKE INTO THE GANGSTER'S HAND.....



THE PAIN CAUSES THE DRIVER TO SWING AGAINST THE DOOR, OPENING IT... AND HE IS THROWN OUT....

...AT THE SAME TIME 'RED' BITES THE ARM OF THE OTHER THUG, CAUSING HIM TO DROP HIS GUN.....

...WHEREUPON THE LITTLE FELLA GRABS IT AND COVERS HIM



ATTA BOY,
RED!

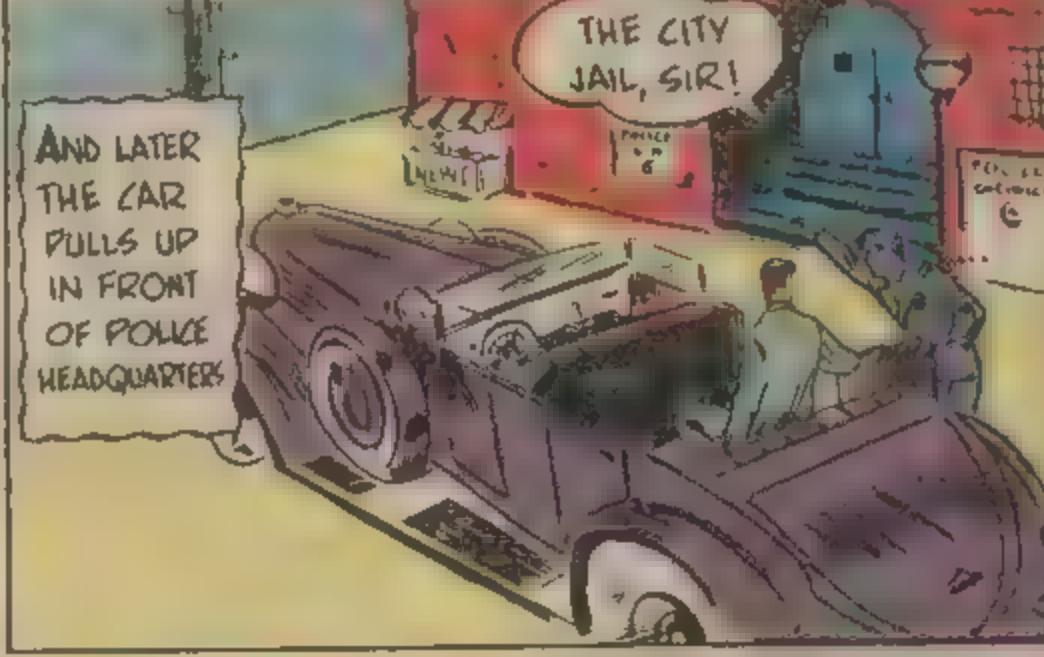
CLIFF HAS FAILED TO WATCH HIS DRIVING...



...WE JUST MISSED GOIN' OVER THAT EMBANKMENT!



AND LATER THE CAR PULLS UP IN FRONT OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS



THE CITY
JAIL, SIR!



LATER



YOU'VE SAVED MY SON'S LIFE
CLIFF - NAME YOUR REWARD!

I'D LIKE YOU TO BUILD
A PLAY GROUND FOR
ALL CHILDREN

I'LL BUILD PLAYGROUNDS ALL
OVER TOWN, AND I'M GOING
'STRAIGHT' FROM NOW ON!

THE END

WHITE TRAP

By

Fredric Wells



IT WAS one of those quiet, crimeless nights, and the men in the Detectives' Room at headquarters were spinning yarns.

Old Bill Costello sat back and listened to the younger chaps—the lads who were comparatively new to their jobs. And even those with ten or fifteen years experience were newcomers to detection when it came to comparison with old Bill Costello. Costello had been a detective for close to thirty years.

And now the youngsters were regaling each other with tales of gun-fights with latter-day gangsters, stories of routine police work. Some of the stories were good ones, too.

At last young Terry Allen threw a glance at Costello. "How about you, Bill? You ought to have some good yarns in that head of yours. Give us one with plenty of action in it."

Bill Costello removed the incredibly short cigar butt from the corner of his mouth. Presently he said, "I'll tell you a yarn. Not one of your blood-and-thunder stories—they're all alike. The sort of detective story I like is one about a crime that solved itself."

The younger men in the room suppressed their smiles. It was all right for old codgers like Bill Costello to talk about crimes that solved themselves—but any good detective knew that most crimes didn't get solved except through good, workmanlike detection.

"The case I'm thinking of," Bill said, "was one of those 'perfect crime' setups. The murderer had

an airtight situation doped out for himself—airtight, but not quite weatherproof. This is how it was—"

Jug Benson (he said) hated old man Gaines I've forgotten just why—it had to do with a foreclosed mortgage or something of the sort—but the important thing is that Benson hated the old man, and determined to kill him.

Gaines lived in a house set somewhat apart from the rest of the town, and there couldn't have been more than thirty or forty houses in the whole town. What's more, he lived alone.

Benson's plan was simplicity itself. He would go late at night to the Gaines house, murder the old man with any sort of weapon he might find there—being careful, of course, not to leave any fingerprints—and get back to his own place. When Gaines' housekeeper arrived at five the next morning, as was her usual procedure, she'd find the body and give the alarm, but by that time Benson would have returned to his own place, and nobody on earth would be able to pin the killing on him. All he had to do was to be very careful to get away before the housekeeper arrived on the job. Oh, yes, it was a simple plan, and it would have worked, too—except for one thing.

The town was asleep early on the night that Jug Benson had set for his crime. But Jug delayed long after the last yellow window had blinked into darkness before he set out.

It was a long walk, and a cold one—but Benson had his thoughts

to keep him warm, thoughts about the sweetness of revenge, and all that sort of rot I suppose.

He had no trouble getting into Gaines' house. People in that town and those days didn't worry much about locks. But he stayed quietly on the lower floor, close to the stairway, for considerably more than an hour. Benson you see, was by no means a brave man. He hesitated, checking over in his mind all the chances all the angles. And at last he reconvinced himself that he had nothing to fear.

Fifteen minutes later Jug Benson had accomplished what he had set out to do. Old man Gaines was dead. It doesn't matter how Benson killed him—I don't care much for the lurid details in matters of that sort—but at any rate, Gaines was dead.

As Benson went down the stairs toward the door, he was feeling pretty good. It was still only slightly after three o'clock, and all Benson had to do was to get back to his own place. Then he'd be in the clear—nobody'd be able to pin this murder on him!

He paused to button his heavy coat, and to draw the collar close about his throat. Then he opened the door. And the sight that greeted Jug Benson's eyes was startling enough to hurl him backwards like the blow of a giant fist.

The winter landscape was beautifully painted in the gleaming white of three-quarters of an inch of newly-fallen snow!

Benson knew that he was licked—that the killing could now be pinned on him as readily as

though he had committed the crime in sight of a dozen witnesses. For the snowstorm had ended as quickly as it had begun; there was no chance for fresh snow to cover his tracks before morning, and wherever he went, his footprints would dog his heels with a relentlessness that would proclaim him the slayer of old man Gaines.

Well, Benson was smart (Bill Costello said). He marched straight to the sheriff and gave himself up. Figured it'd be lots easier than skipping into the wilderness to be tracked down like a marauding beast—which he was. And the trap that caught him was just three-quarters of an inch of snow. That's what I mean when I say I like a crime that solves itself.

* * *

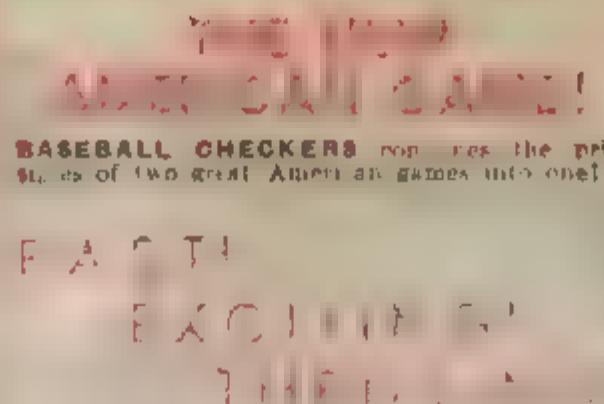
Costello hoisted his big frame from the chair and ambled down the hall toward the water cooler. Davey Bryan, the youngest member of the detective force, said in a low voice to his fellows: "Ahh, what's so hot about that sort of a crime? I'll take the fast-action stuff myself, and leave the crimes-that-solve-themselves to the old-timers like Costello."

Another officer, whose hair showed tell-tale grey at the temples, smiled crookedly at young Davey Bryan. "Look, Bryan. When Costello comes back in here, ask him to slip off his shirt. Unless I'm greatly mistaken, he won't do it—but if he does, you'll find not less than nine bullet scars, and heaven knows how many knife scars, on that torso of his. Maybe he likes the sort of crimes that solve themselves, but Bill's never dodged the kind that don't, either!"

Davey winced, grinning ruefully. "I get it. He just doesn't talk about it as much as some of us younger guys. I guess the coffee and doughnuts are on me tonight, lads! I'll buy 'em if somebody else'll go for 'em."

Bill Costello came through the door in time to hear Davey's last words. He reached out a huge paw. "Okay, let's see the dough. I'll go for 'em all right." He grinned. "After all, I'm the youngest man on the force—inside of me!"

THE END



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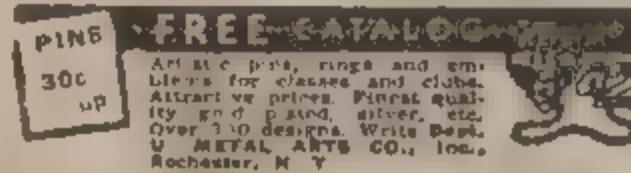
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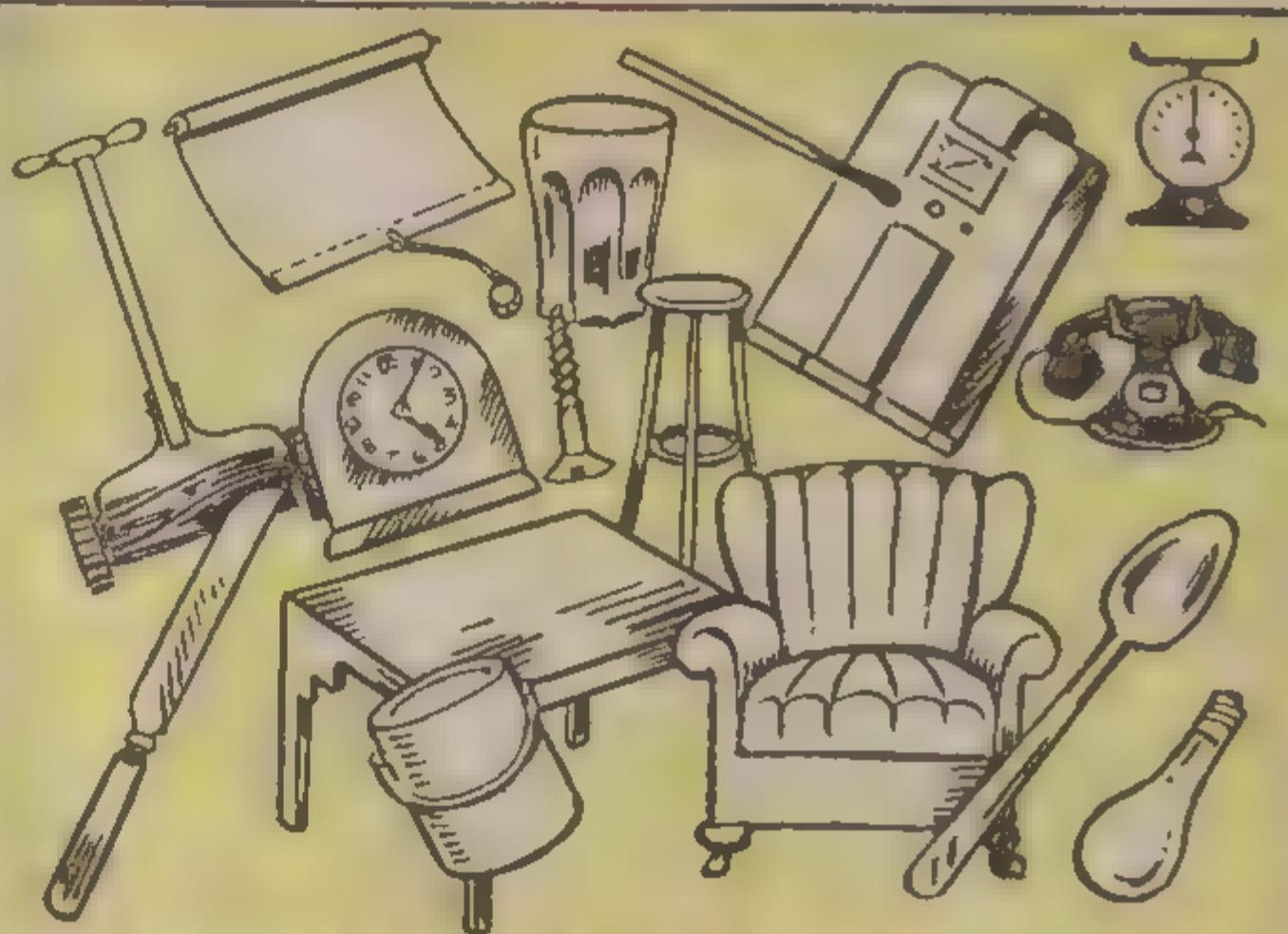
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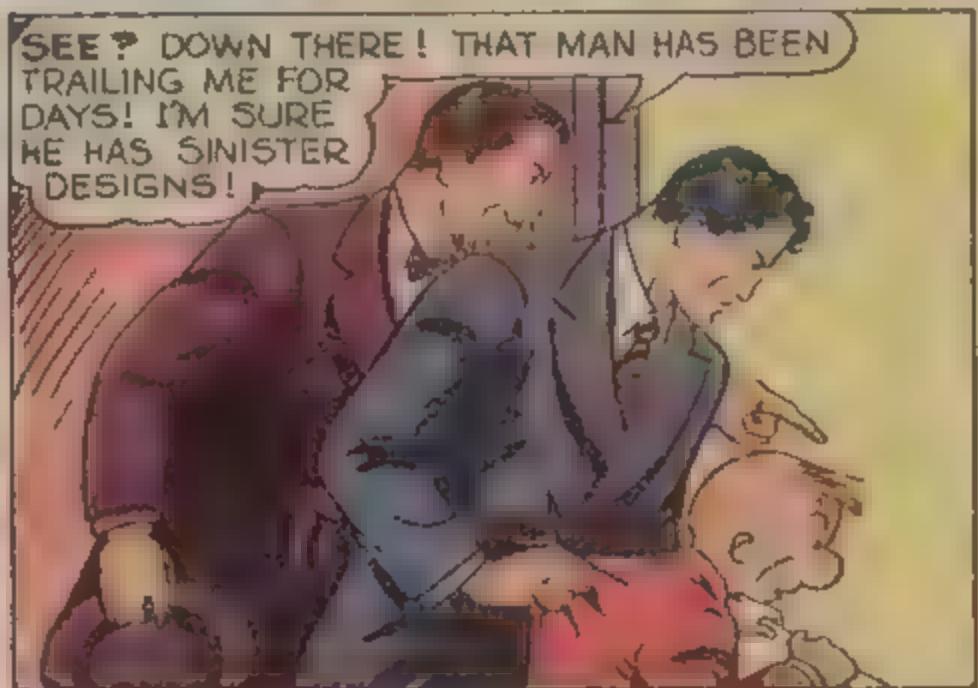
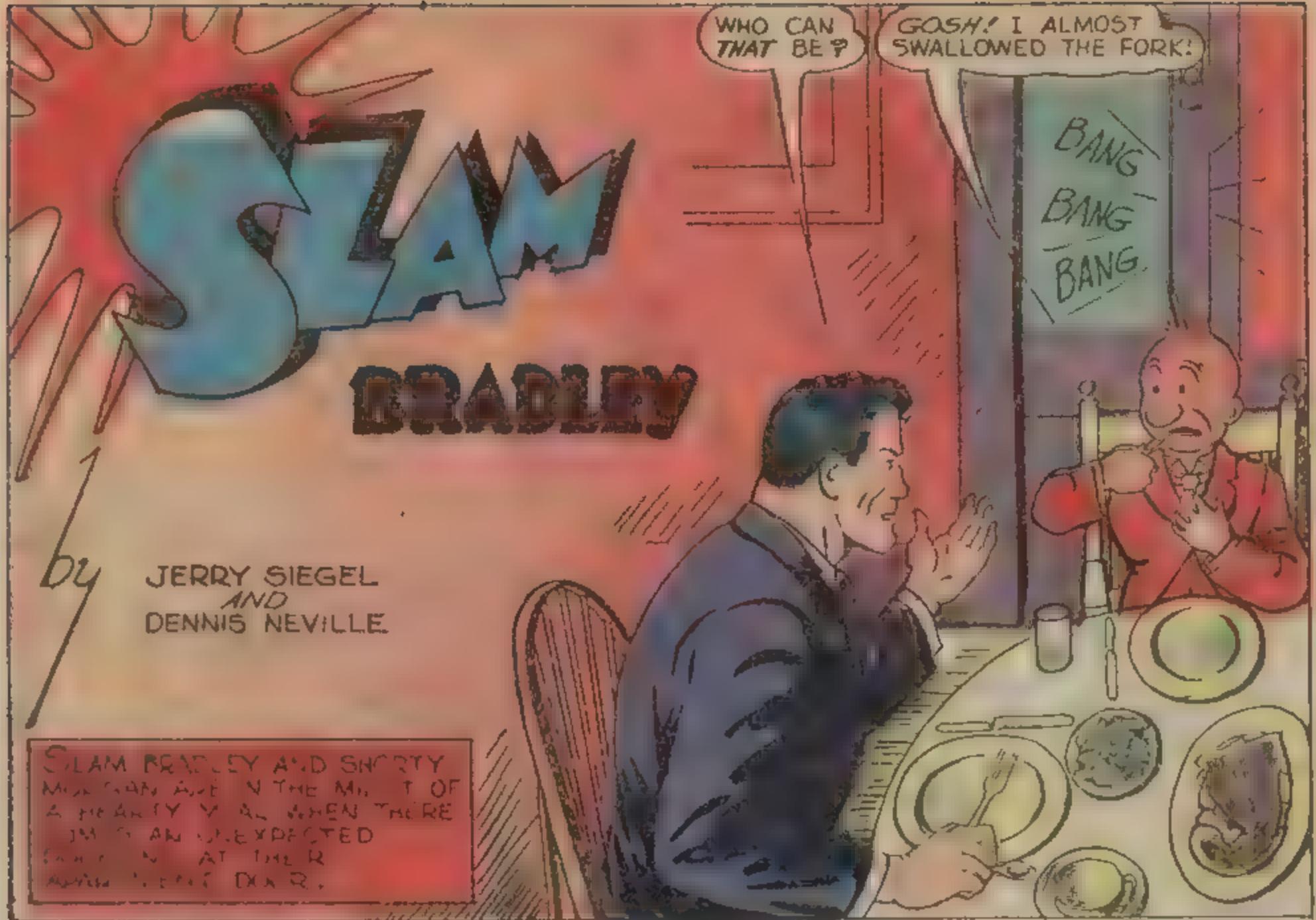
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|----------|-----------|-----------|
| 1. AHESD | 6. OKCLC | 12. ONPOS |
| 2. SASGL | 7. BETLA | 13. BLOEG |
| 3. IRODA | 8. ONHEP | 14. TMCAH |
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| 5. RWOME | 10. TAPNI | 16. RCESW |
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LET'S roll out the mower and have lots of fun. There is money in that pile of household articles and very little effort. The game is to take the 16 words which are jumbled up under the drawing and put them into their proper order. Each jumbled word is a complete word represented in the scrambled drawing. Neatness will count in judging.

offered to the winners, \$100.00 for first prize, \$25.00 for second prize and five \$5.00 prizes. For promptness an additional \$25.00 will be given to the winner. This contest closes April 15, 1940, but get your answer in early so you can qualify for the promptness prize. Duplications in case of ties.

Just list the words with the letters in their right place such as the first one which is A-H-E-S-D. Change the letters around to make SHADE. There you have it. Get your pencil and rush it in to

SCRAMBLED HOUSEHOLD WORDS, DEPT. CM, 2206 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.



APPARENTLY DISREGARDFUL OF LIFE AND LIMB,
SLAM LEAPS OFF THE LEDGE . . .



DOWN HE PLUMMETS TO AN AWNING --
BOUNCES GRACEFULLY OFF . . .



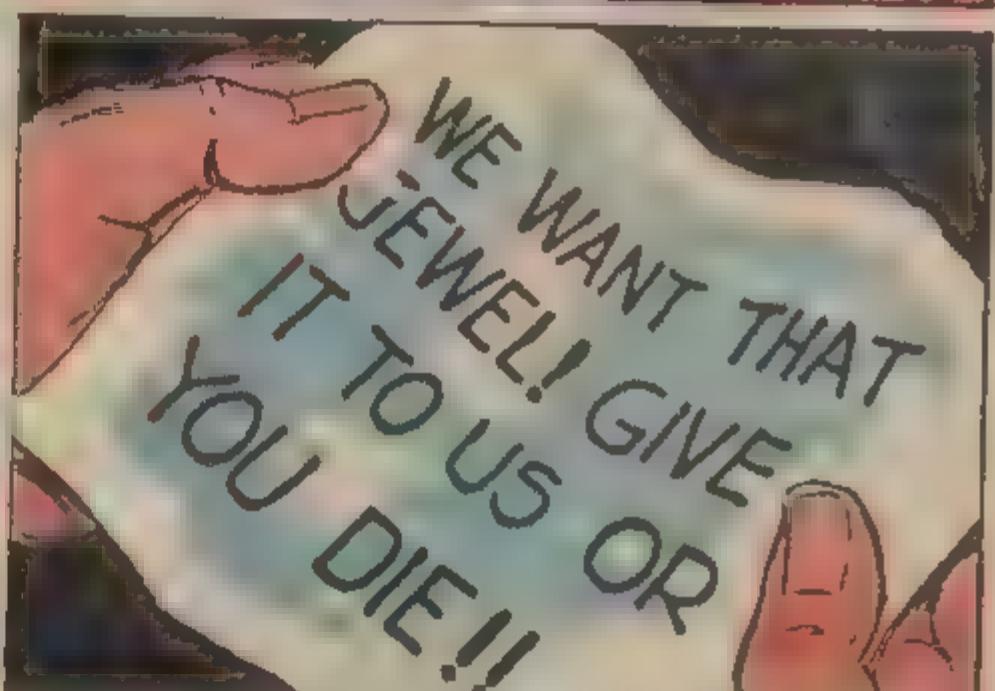
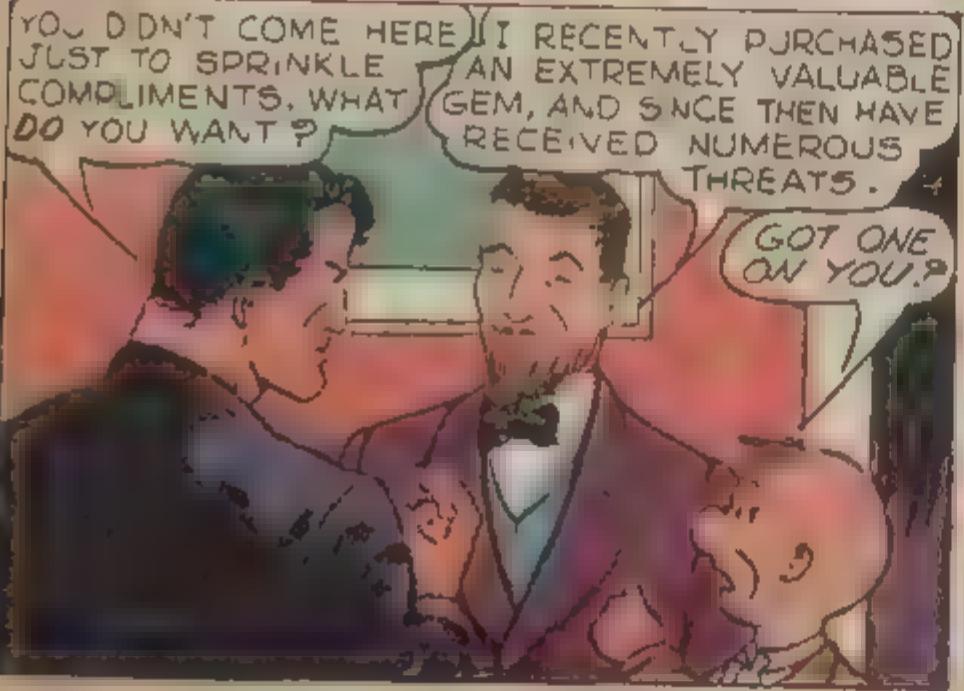
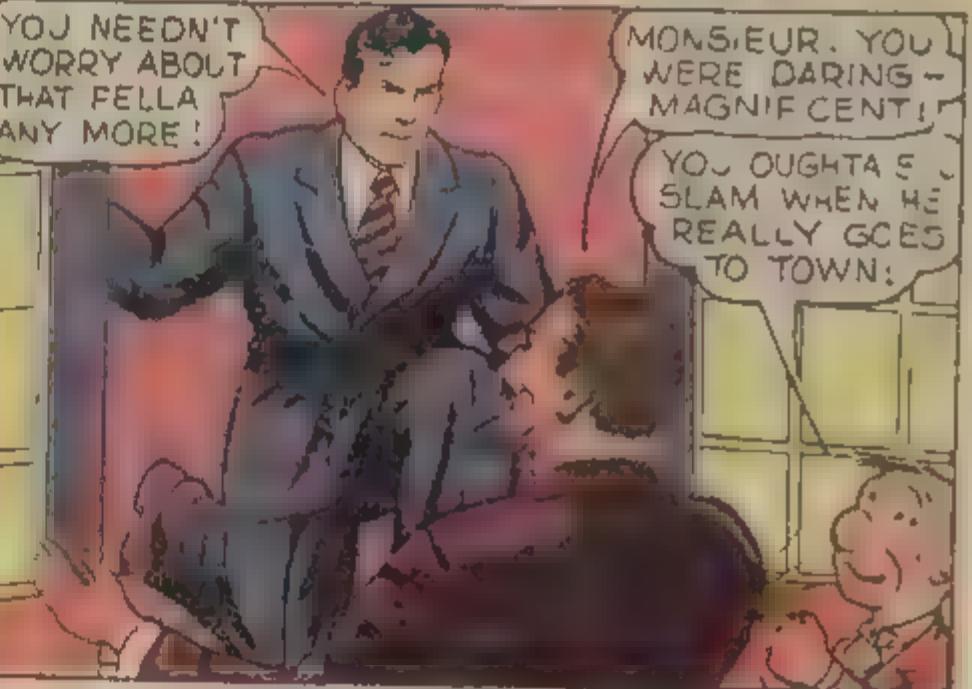
. . . AND LANDS DIRECTLY BEFORE THE SHADOWER!



YOU CAN'T DO THIS T--!
ON YOUR WAY, CREEPI AND IF I
SEE THAT PAN OF YOURS AROUND
HERE AGAIN I PROMISE TO MAKE
A NUMBER OF RADICAL
CHANGES IN IT!



AS THE TAXI SPEEDS AWAY, SLAM CLAMBERS
BACK UP THE SIDE OF THE APARTMENT IN THE
SWEETEST EXHIBITION OF SCALING YOU'VE EVER
SEEN . . .

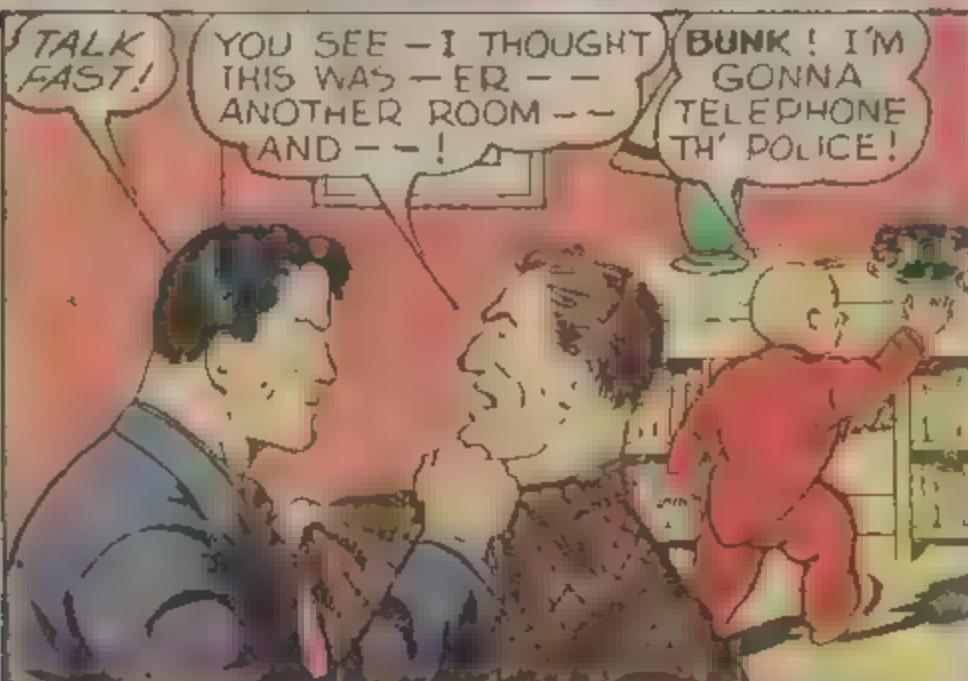
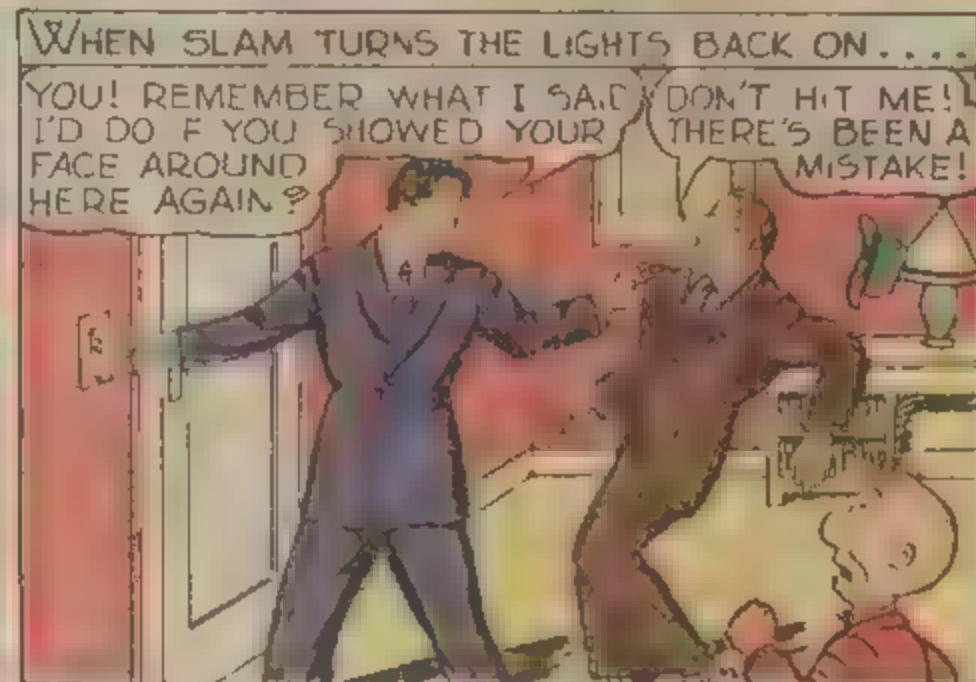
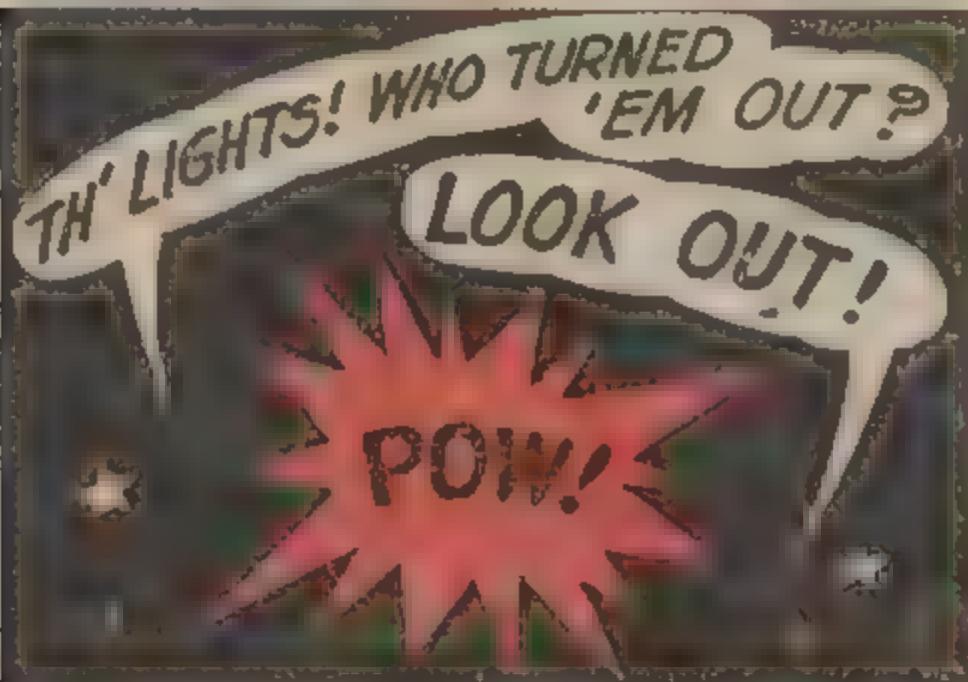
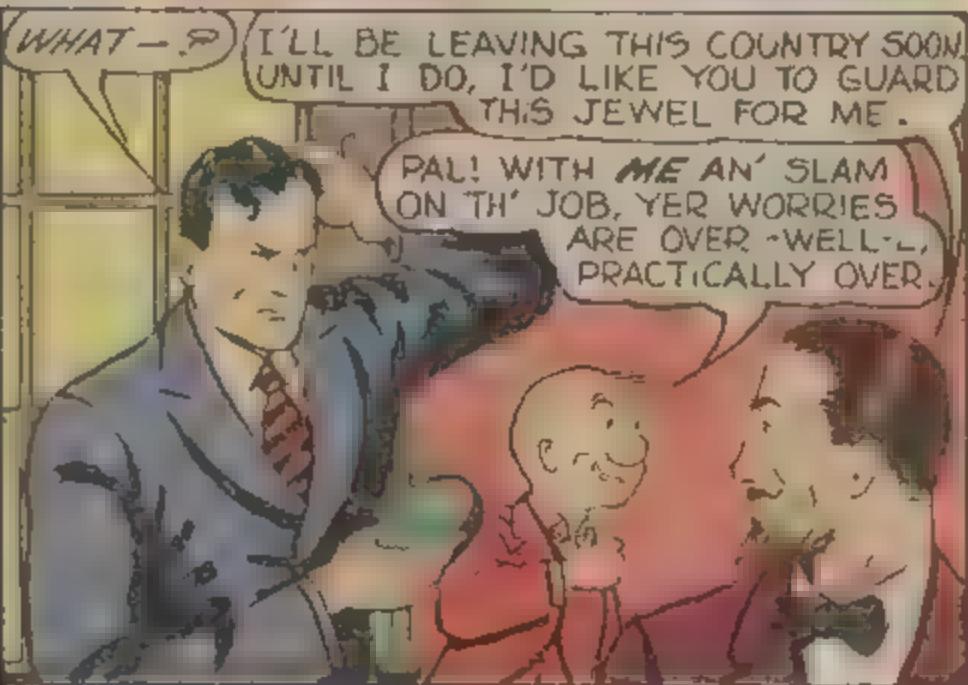


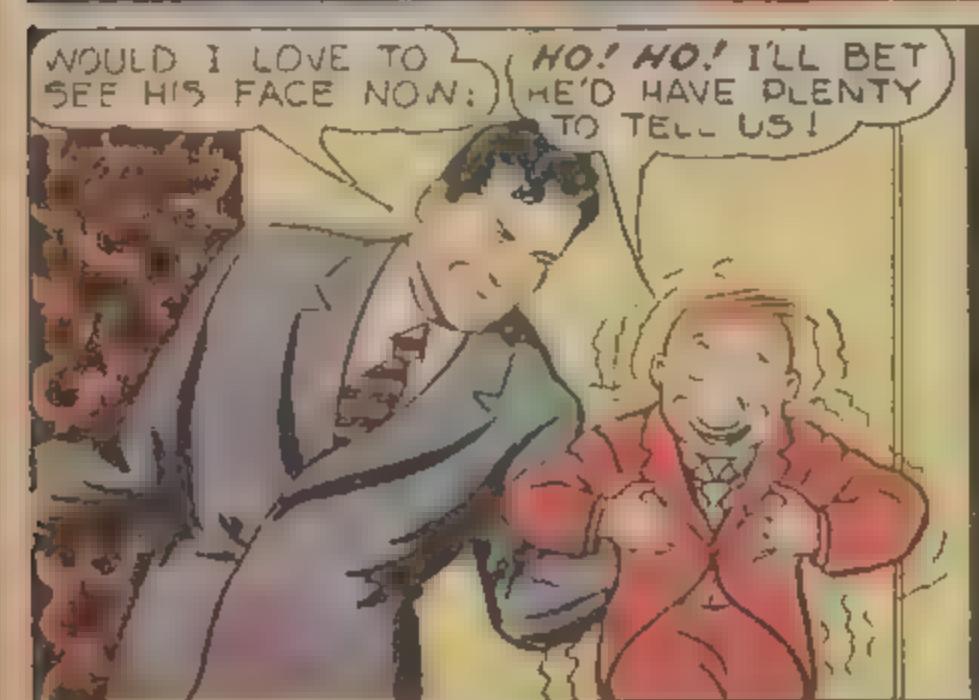
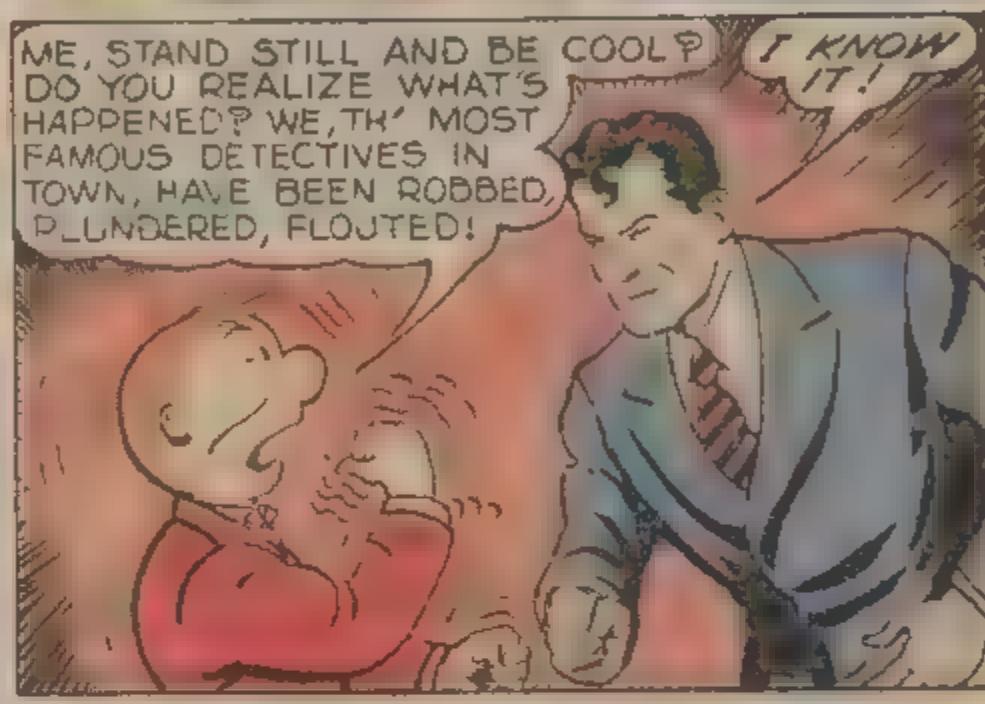
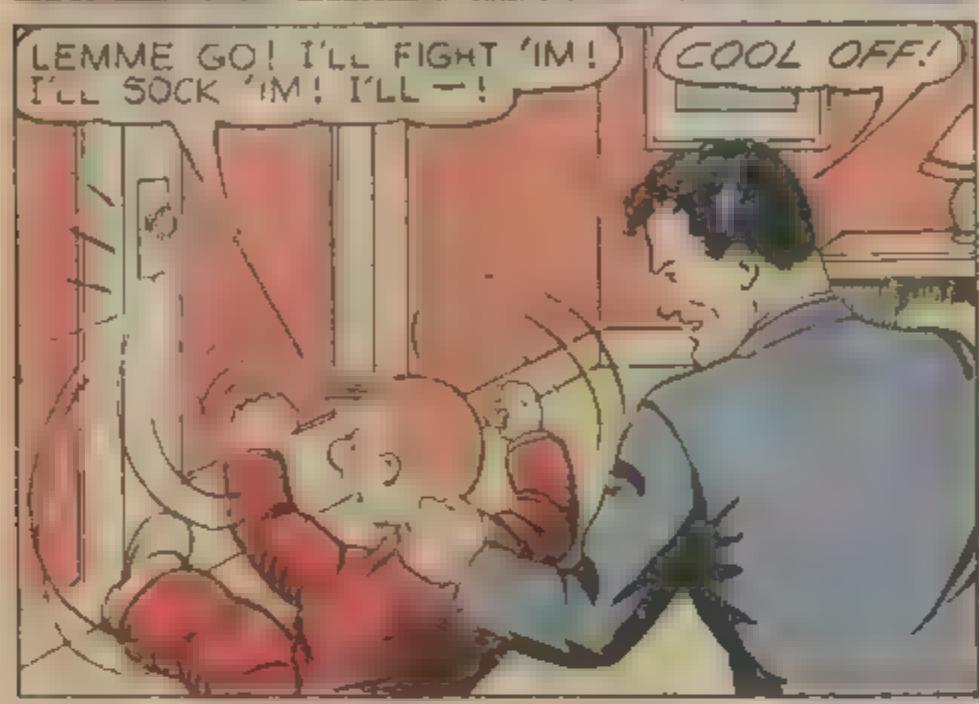
AND HERE IS THE
CAUSE OF IT ALL!

(WHEW! WHAT A BEAUT!

LIKE IT? TAKE IT!

HUH?





SLAM BRADLEY SPEAKING—
WHAT IS IT?

THIS IS YOUR EMPLOYER! COME TO 32 DELANEY
STREET AT ONCE, AND BRING THE JEWEL WITH
YOU, OR I'LL BE TORTURED AND KILLED!

THAT WAS THE FELLOW WHO OWNS THE JEWEL. UNLESS WE GO TO HIM WITH THE JEWEL HIS CAPTORS WILL KILL HIM!

B-BUT SURELY YOU DON'T INTEND TO GO? IF WE DO, WE'LL BE IN THE SAME SPOT OURSELVES!

AND THAT'S JUST WHY WE'RE GOING! THERE'S TROUBLE APLENTY AT 32 DELANEY STREET— AND I LOVE TROUBLE!

YOU COULD AT LEAST GIVE ME TIME ENOUGH TO WRITE MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT!

YOU'RE RAVIN' NUTS, SLAM! IF WE ENTER THAT JOINT, WE'LL NEVER EMERGE ALIVE!

SWEET MUSIC TO MY EARS.

32 DELANEY STREET — !

AND HOW WILL THE WISE-GUY TRICK ME THIS TIME?

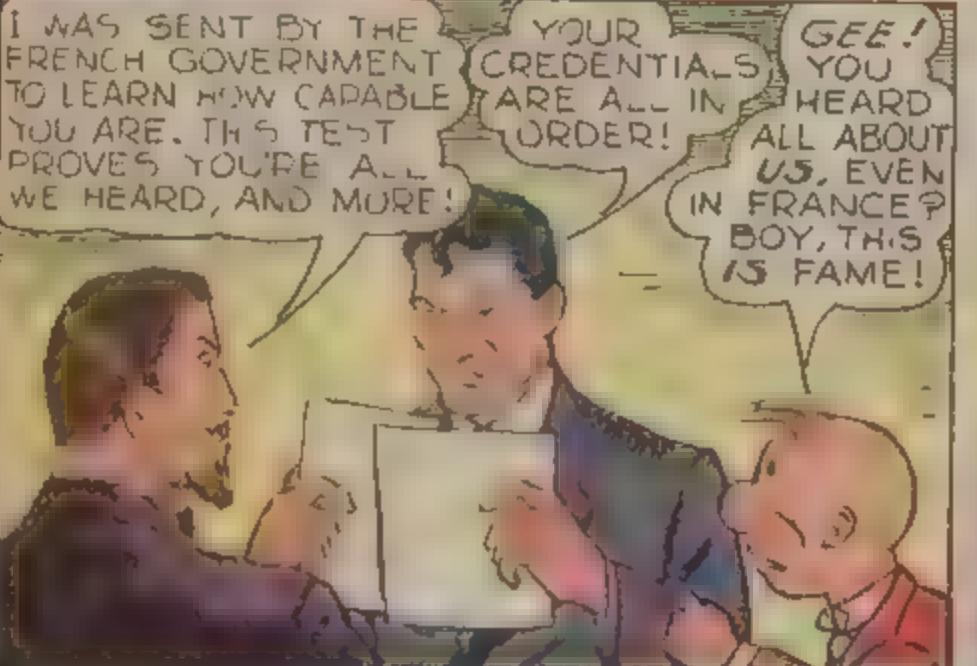
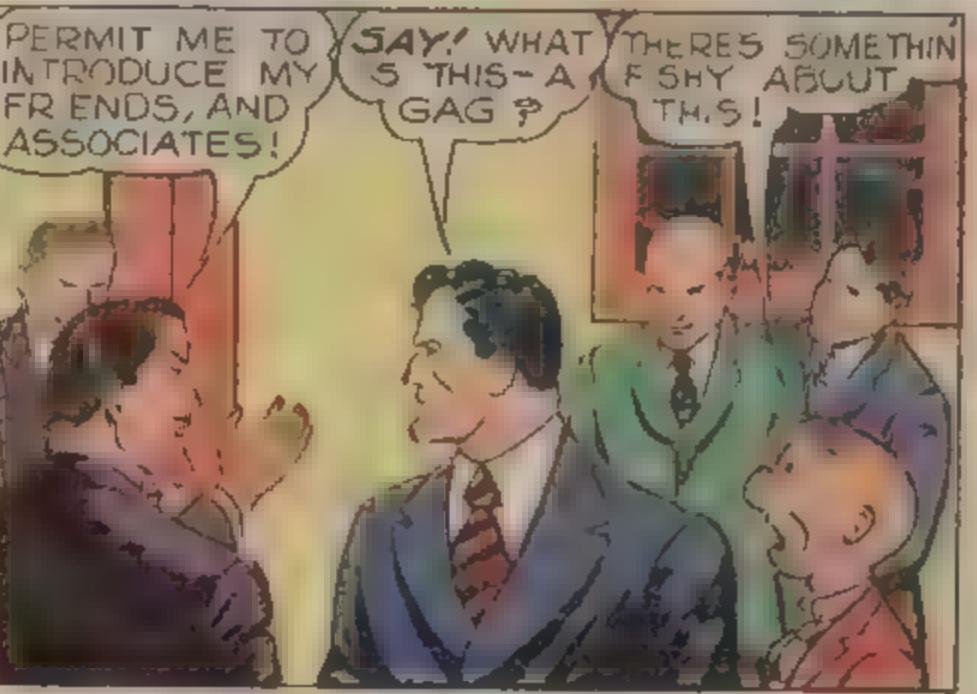
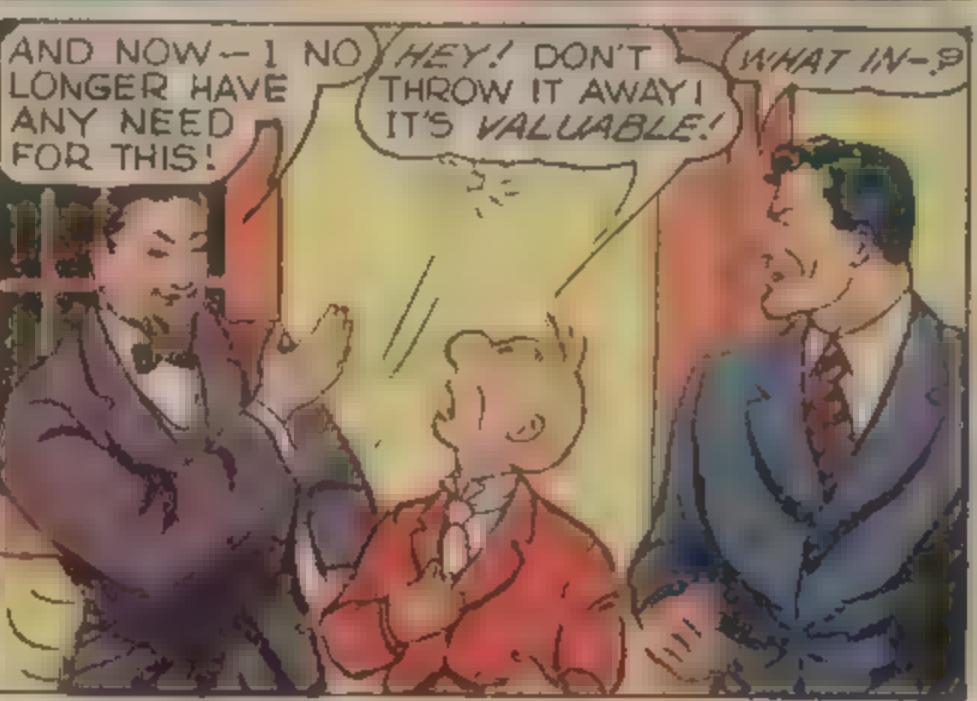
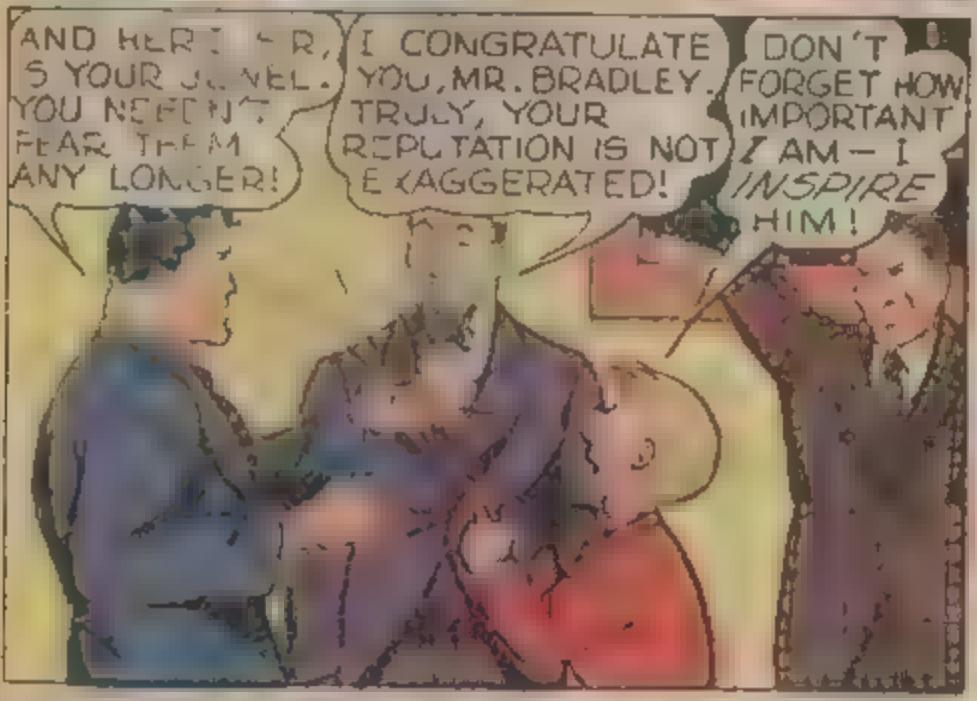
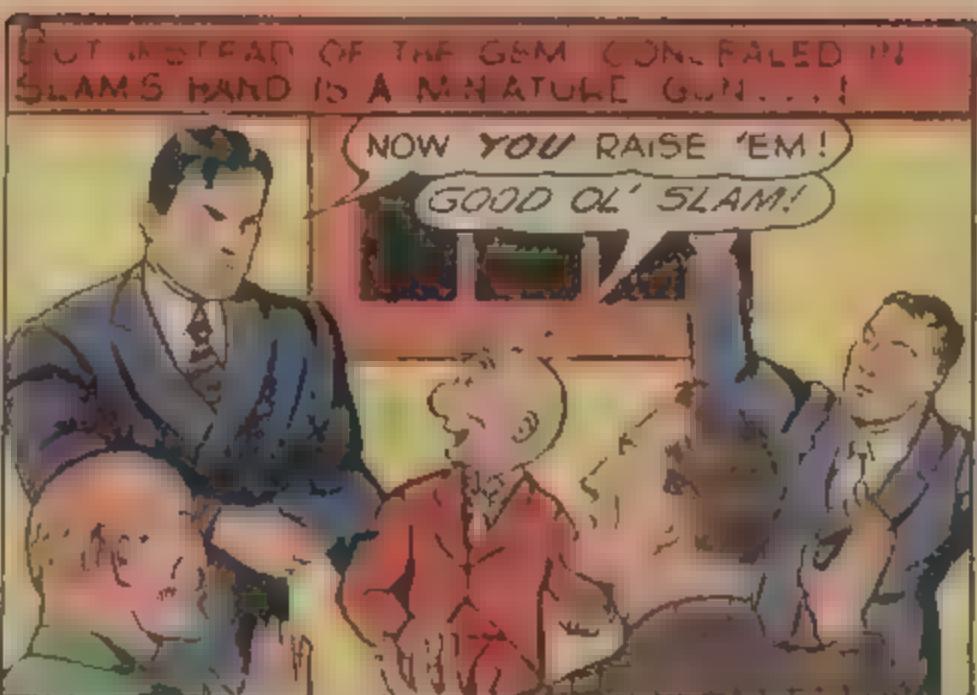
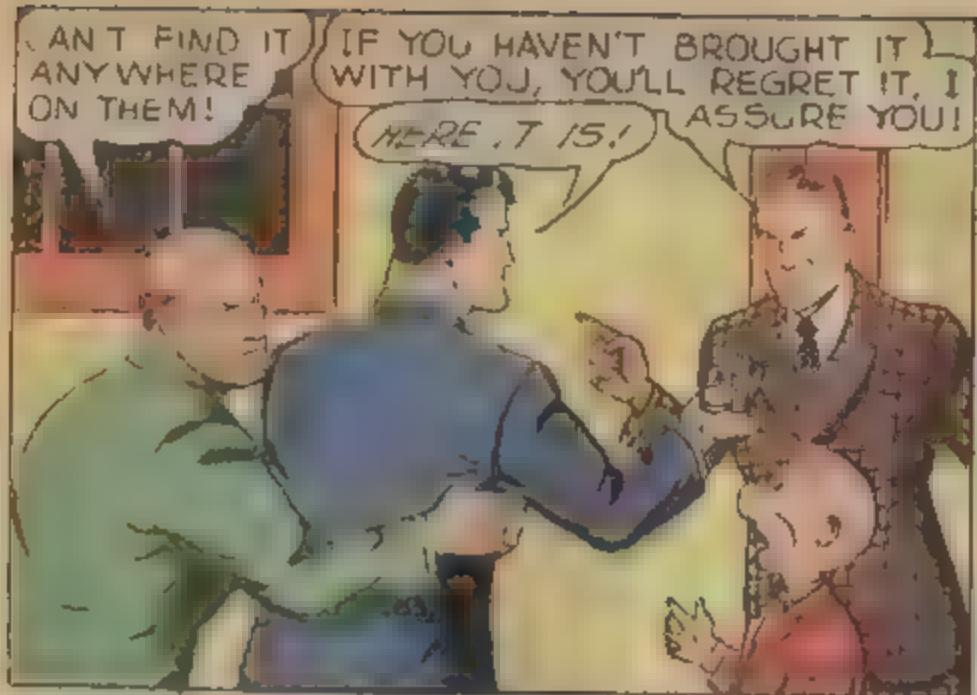
BY IMPOSING UPON YOUR STUPIDITY!

I T-TOLD Y-YA, SLAM!

I'M SORRY I INVOLVED YOU IN THIS MESS!

DON'T APOLOGIZE! I'M ACTUALLY ENJOY NG TH S: WOTTA SENSE OF HUMOR!

ENOUGH OF THIS TALK!
SEARCH THEM!



LATER THAT DAY — SLAM AND SHORTY DASH UP INTO THE CLIPPER A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE IT TAKES OFF . . .

YOU WOULD HAVE TO CALL ME UP AND SAY GOODBYE TO EVERY GIRL YOU KNOW!

COULDN'T EXPECT ME TO LEAVE 'EM WITHOUT A PARTING WORD — IT WOULD BREAK A HUNDRED HEARTS!

LIPPER

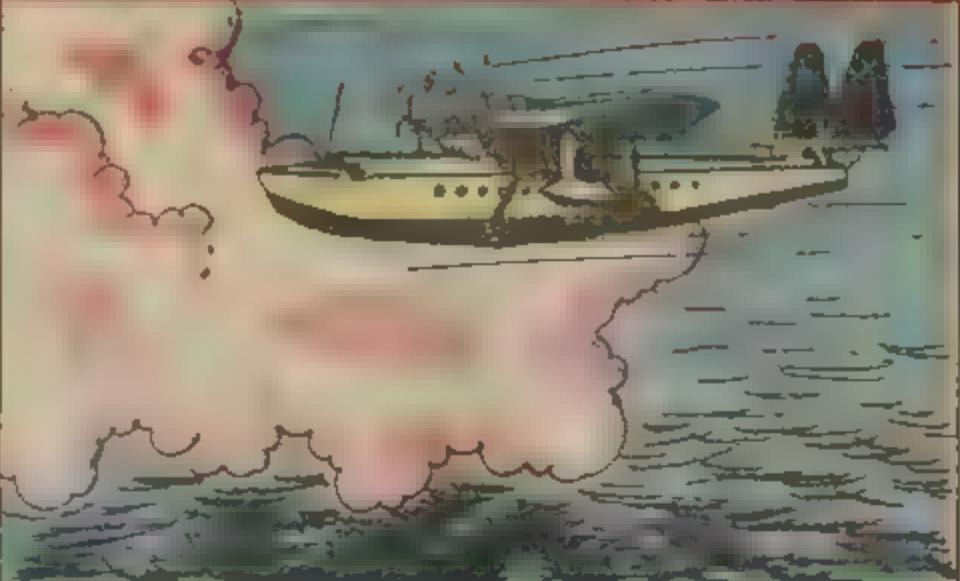
AND LATER — UPON ALIGHTING IN GAY PARIS, SLAM AND SHORTY SPRINT TO THE PREFECT DE POLICE'S OFFICE . . .

OUR ASSIGNMENT?

LATER, TODAY, THIS COLLECTION OF PRICELESS GEMS IS TO BE MOVED TO THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION. PLEASE BE ON HAND TO SEE THAT NOTHING HAPPENS TO IT IN TRANSIT.

WITH US ON GUARD, YOU MIGHT AS WELL CALL OFF ALL YOUR OTHER HAWKSHAWS.

SHORTLY AFTER THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY AWARDS THE OCEAN TOWARD SLAMY PLANE . . .



AT AS THEY DASH IN, THEY ARE SURROUNDED BY ARMED ADA HED . . .

YOU WILL COME PEACEABLY, MR. BRADLEY, OR --!

HE KNOWS YOU!

I SEE OUR FAME HAS SPREAD EVEN TO THE FRENCH UNDERWORLD!

BRADLEY AND SHORTY ARE HUSTLED INTO A CARRIAGE — SHADES DRAWN, THE CARRIAGE CLATTERS ALONG THE PAVEMENT FOR AN HOUR, UNTIL . . .



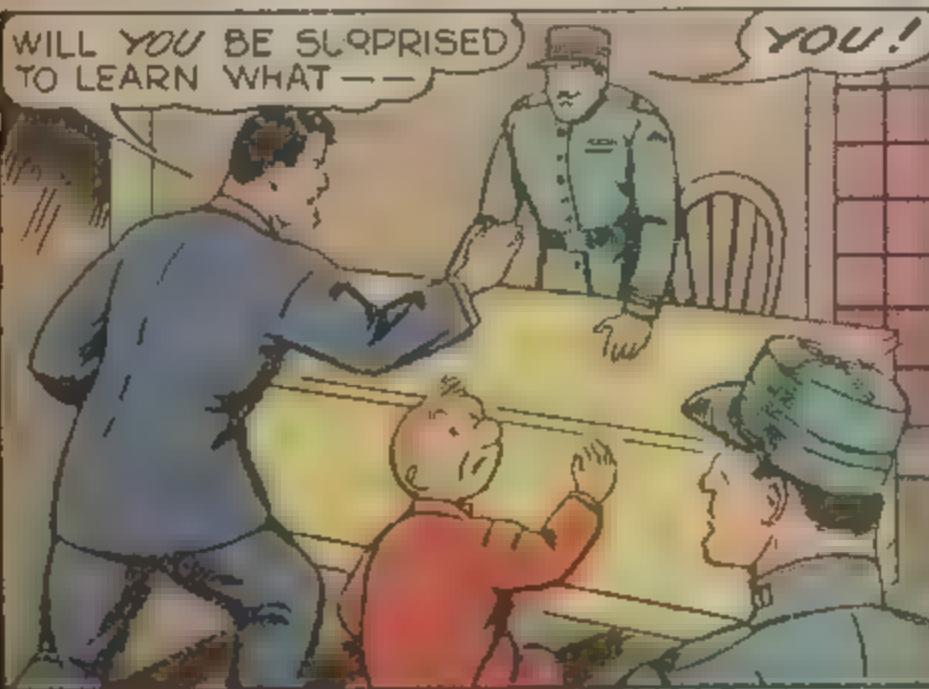
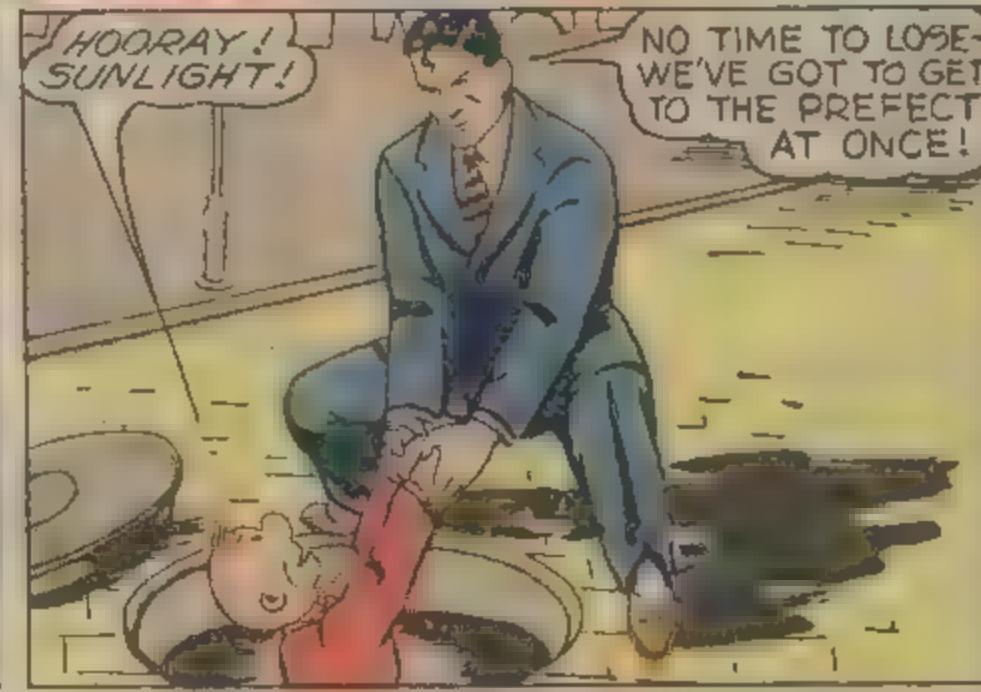
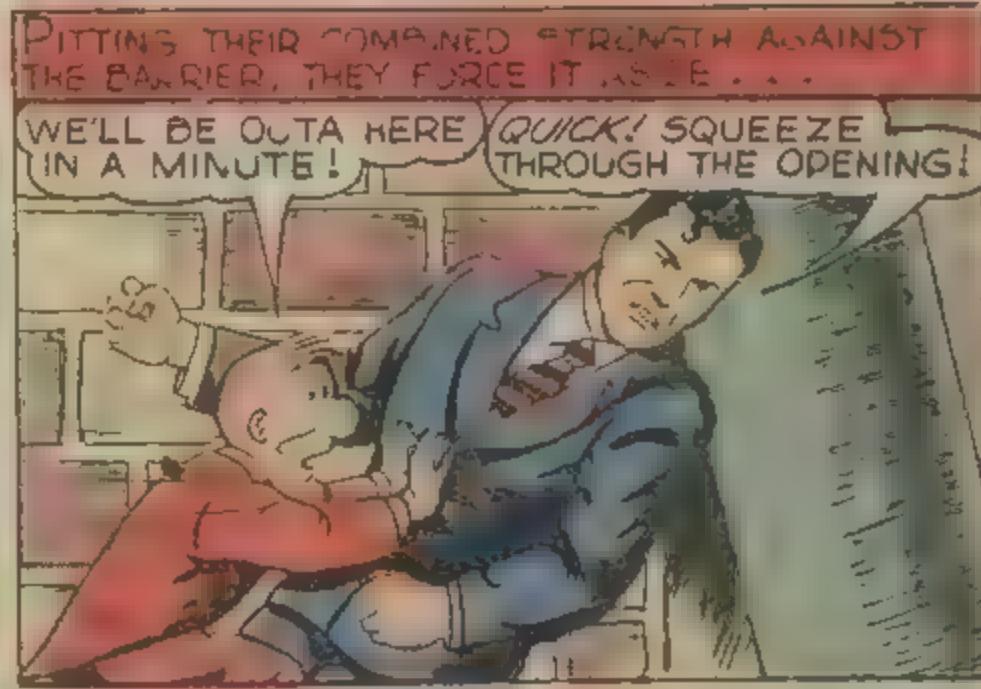
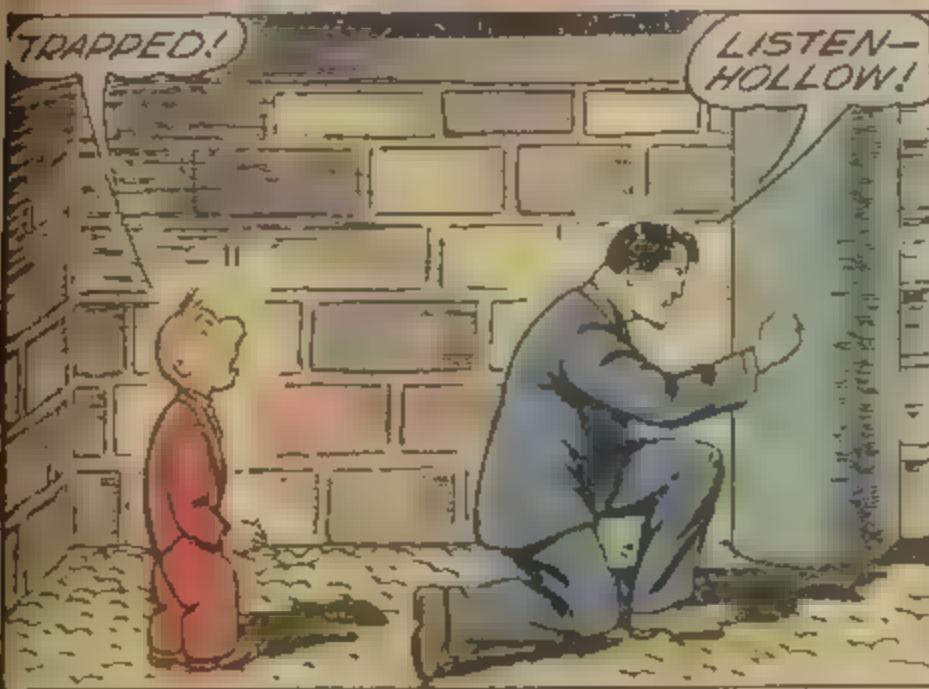
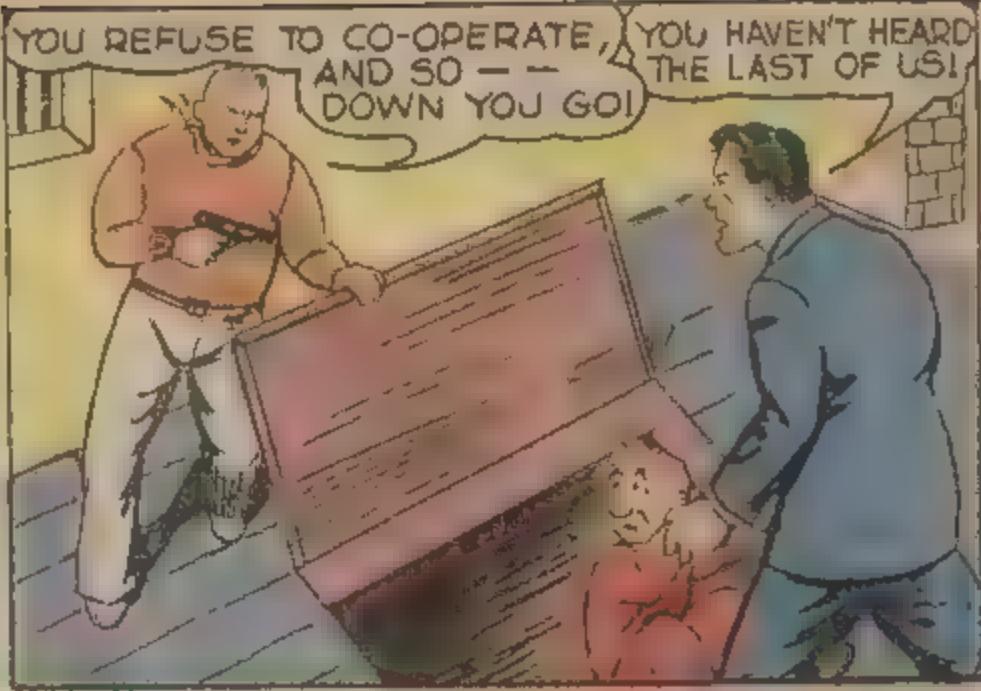
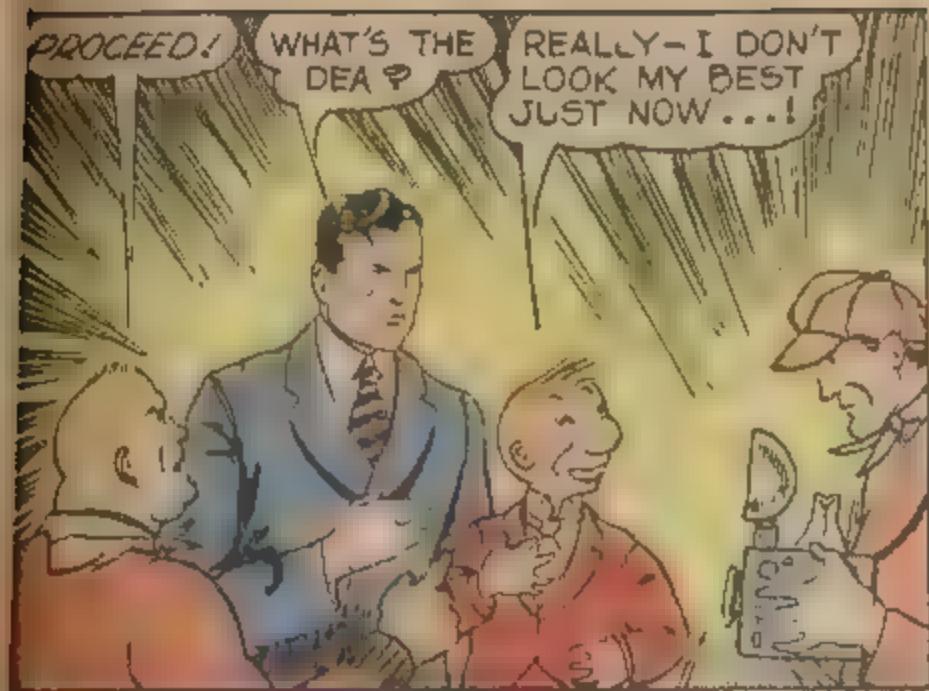
THE CAPTIVES ARE LED INTO THE DESTINATION . . .



SO! THE AMERICAN DETECTIVES, DO YOU CHOOSE TO BECOME PROFITABLY ASSOCIATED WITH ME, OR — ?

YOUR TIME, MONSIEUR WHOOZIS!





BUT WH-WHY
ARREST US?

CROOKS! THIEVES! YOU ENTERED
AND STOLE THE GEMS NOT MORE
THAN TEN MINUTES AGO! BUT
YOU'LL PAY DEARLY FOR IT!

ARE YOU
OUT OF
YOUR
MIND?
WE—!

LE'S GO! WE'RE
PULLIN' OUT!

SHOOT THEM DOWN!

I THOUGHT WE
WERE FINISHED
WITH CRAWLING
THRU SEWERS!

WE'VE NO OTHER
ALTERNATIVE. THEY
PHOTOGRAPHED US
SO THAT ONE OF
THEIR MEN COULD
IMPERSONATE ME
AND COMMIT THE
ROBBERY. WE'VE
GOT TO EXPOSE
THEM TO CLEAR
OURSELVES.

WE'VE BEEN
WANDERING
FOR HOW
LONG I
DON'T KNOW!
WHERE ARE
WE?

YOU CAN SEARCH
ME. WE'LL NEVER
BE ABLE TO
FIND OUR WAY
BACK TO THE
APACHE
HIDEOUT!

VOICES!

SH-HH!

ROCKING BACK INTO DARKNESS, I AM AND
SHORTLY EMERGE ONLY TO TRAIL THE APACHES
AHEAD OF THEM . . .

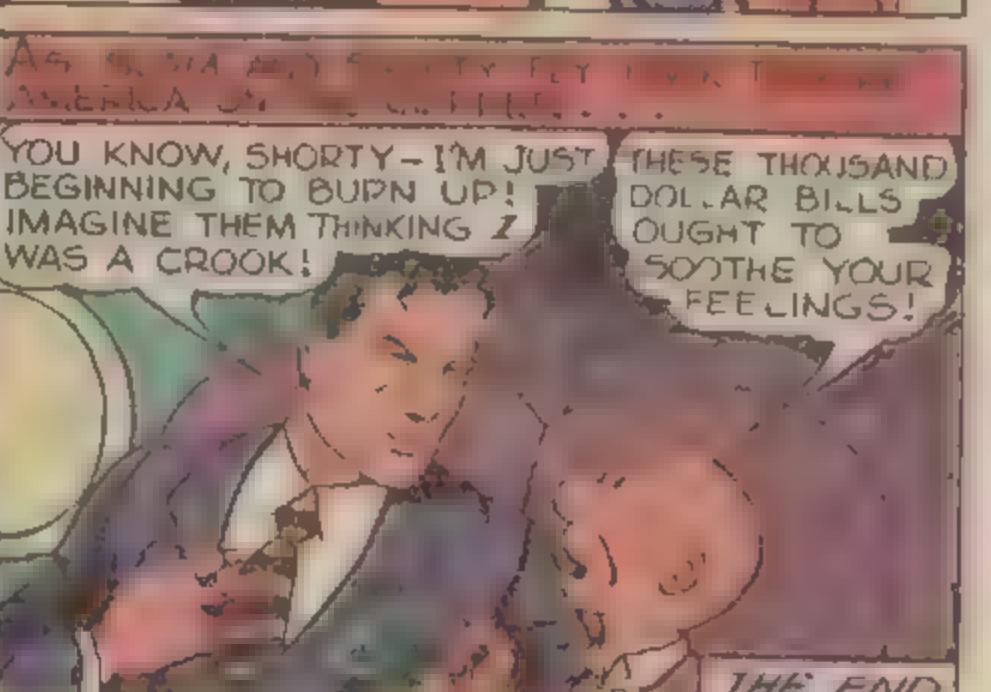
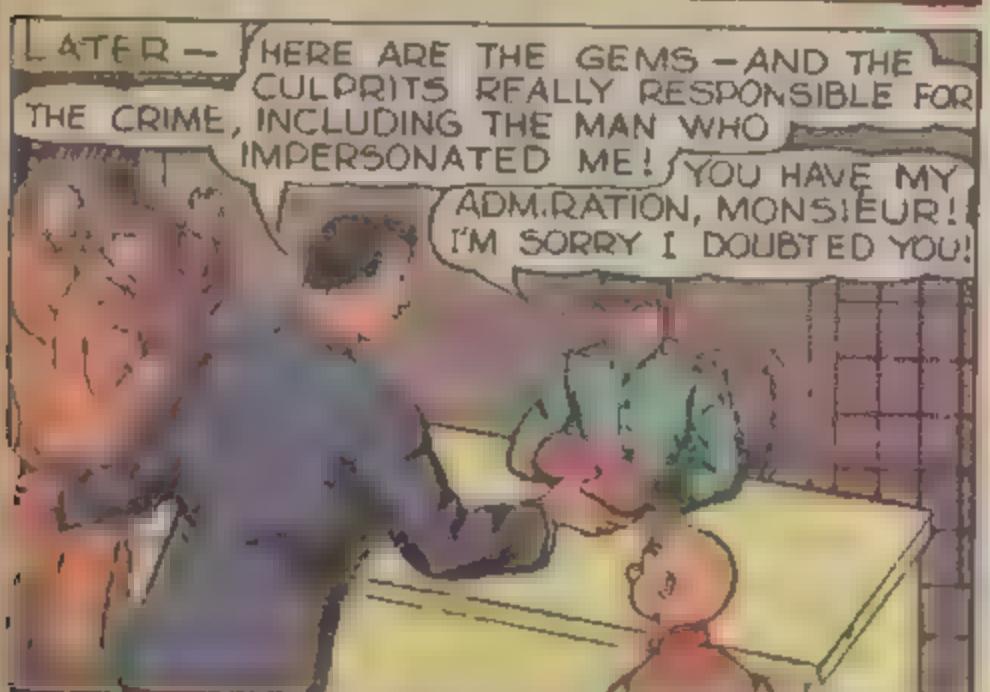
LATER —

YOU HAVE
THE GEMS?
SPLENDID!

NOW WE CAN
ALL RETIRE
IN LUXURY!

THE ONLY PLACE
YOU'RE GOING TO
RETIRE TO, IS
A CELL!

SLAM BRADLEY!



THE 'BIG SIX' COMIC MAGAZINES STILL LEAD THE FIELD!



ON SALE ABOUT
THE 23RD
OF EVERY MONTH

Watch for these Headline
Features Every Month!



ON SALE ABOUT
THE 7TH
OF EVERY MONTH



ON SALE ABOUT
THE 5TH
OF EVERY MONTH



ON SALE ABOUT
THE 20TH
OF EVERY MONTH

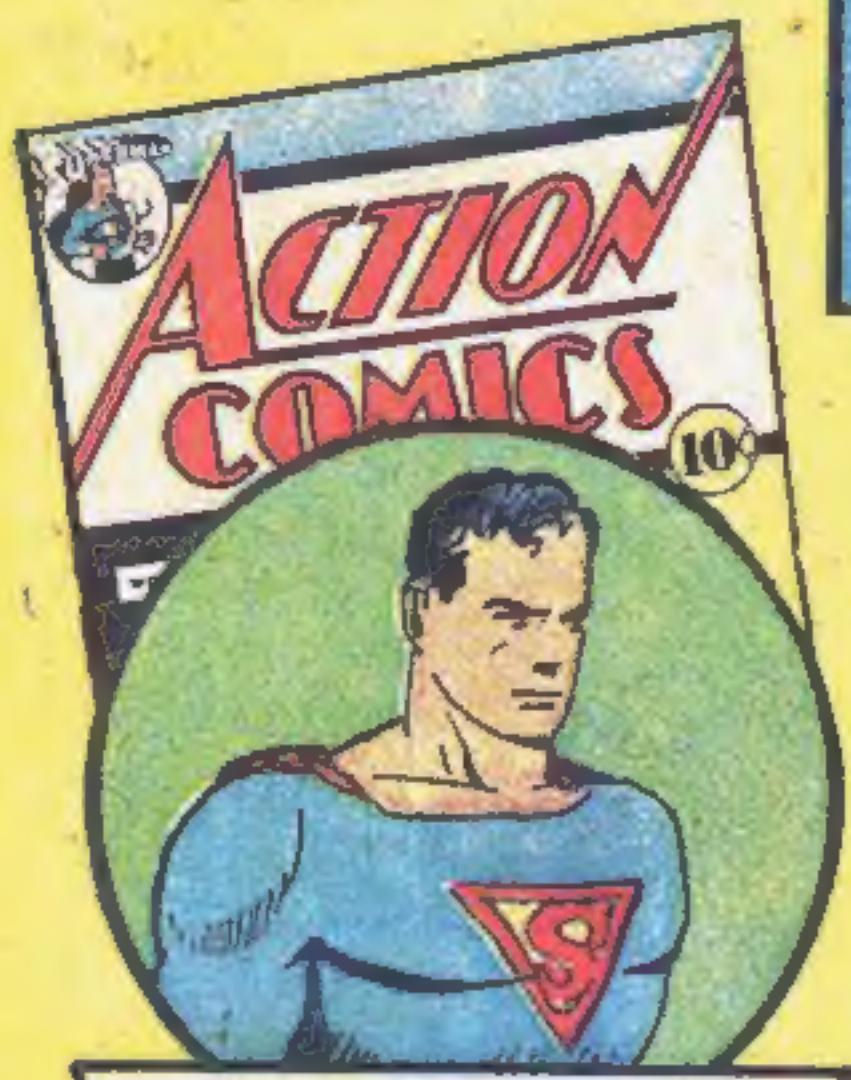


ON SALE ABOUT
THE 1ST
OF EVERY MONTH



ON SALE ABOUT
THE 15TH
OF EVERY MONTH

THE 'BIG SIX' COMIC MAGAZINES STILL LEAD THE FIELD!



SUPERMAN

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 23RD
OF EVERY MONTH

Watch for these Headline
Features Every Month!



THE SANDMAN

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 7TH
OF EVERY MONTH



The BATMAN

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 5TH
OF EVERY MONTH



ULTRA-MAN

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 20TH
OF EVERY MONTH



The SPECTRE

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 1ST
OF EVERY MONTH



The FLASH

ON SALE ABOUT
THE 15TH
OF EVERY MONTH



NOW...TOUGHNESS PLUS GRIP!



"OUNCE FOR OUNCE, MAKE THIS NEW BIKE TIRE TOUGHER AND STRONGER THAN A BULL ELEPHANT!" That is what our engineers were shooting at and that's what we got in the new U. S. Royal Rider! The only bike tire in the world with a super-tough rayon cord carcass—pound for pound the toughest cord body ever built for any bike tire —plus a super Tempered Rubber hide!

BUT IN ADDITION TO TOUGHNESS, WE WANTED GRIP!—THE GRIP OF AN EAGLE as it strikes its prey! And so we built into the U.S. Royal Rider a new Super Grip Tread that bites —yes, actually bites—through mud, slush, water —then grips the road with hundreds of sharp edges...resists side slips on treacherous curves...stops your bike almost instantly on the slipperiest of pavements!



Announcing the **U. S. ROYAL RIDER** BICYCLE TIRE with New Super TOUGH RAYON CORD BODY NEW Super GRIP TREAD

See this great new bike tire with its Super Tough Rayon Cord Carcass at your bike dealer's today! See why the scientific principle of airplane design—*more strength per pound...*

plus super grip, gives you a tire that lasts longer, coasts farther, starts faster and stops quicker! See why you get more speed, easier handling with less leg drive! See it today! We think you'll agree it's America's most modern bike tire.



U. S. BICYCLE TIRES
AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING BICYCLE TIRES
ARE U. S. TIRES...*there's a reason*

United States Rubber Company